THE New Republic

"Why Johnny Can't Read"—The Devil according to Flesch

PAGE 21

The Independent Dealer Can Survive, As Long as He Isn't Too Independent

HARD NOX

AT YOUR FRIENDLY GAS STATION

By Walter Goodman

WHO SAYS WE LIKE IKE?

A Communication from Congressman Richard Bolling (Dem., Mo.) in Defense of the Democratic Party

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Johnson City, Tennessee
JUN 9 1955

JUNE 13, 1955

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Washington Wire .... T.R.B.

It's getting so, in Washington, it's safe to attack the government's loyalty security program. Good, safe, substantial people are saying things about it now that this magazine has said for five years. You can rely on the criticism now, too, because it comes from fashionable Better Elements. They have thought this way all along, it turns out, but they just haven't got around to mentioning it. They were occupied with other things when Senator McCarthy was intimidating dear, good candidate Eisenhower, and when the House Committee on Un-American Activities was smearing Bishop Oxnam. They never did approve of these and other things, you bet, and now that the climate has changed you can count on them to utter their thoughts right out loud.

Yes, this is the strangest thing that has happened in Washington in the year! The climate has changed. World tension has eased, the panic is abating and, whereas last summer McCarthy was at his climax in the Army hearings, today the kleig lights are, instead, on Ike's appointee to the "Subversive Activities Control Board," (the very title echoes the tone of the era) Harry P. Cain eloquently and earnestly testifying to the excesses in the present system. The Attorney General's list is a "warped and wormy measuring rod" of so-called subversive organizations, Cain says. Congress will probably provide for a "royal commission" to investigate Heigh-ho. It is always a temptation to ask where these summer patriots were at the time of civil liberty's Valley Forge. But we shall refrain. The war isn't over yet, and it is wonderfully kind and condescending of them to come to the assistance of us ragged irregulars now that victory seems possible.

The Nixon-Knowland-Eisenhower triangle is always fascinating. If anything happened to Eisenhower, Nixon would be President tomorrow. We should have a Chief Executive 42 years old. Nixon wants nothing to happen to Ike. He must look at the President making trips to Gettysburg in his new, small four-man plane, with deep concern. Nixon's eye is on 1960. He will be 47 then. His nightmare is that Ike won't run next year. Then the party might ditch him for another Vice Presidential candidate, perhaps Knowland. Nixon has been rather unfortunate recently. There was a tie vote, 40 to 40, in the Senate last week and he wasn't there to break it. It was on a Capehart amendment to the foreign-aid bill, to turn the top 200 FOA jobs over to patronage-hungry Republicans. Every Republican present voted for it and every Democrat against it; there hasn't been such a clear-cut cleavage before in this session. The GOP lost the whole juicy plum basket because the Vice President was away.

And where was our man Nixon? Why he was out in Chicago addressing the Rotary convention, telling them that the impending Big Four conference "could be the world's last chance to settle differences peacefully and avoid a catastrophic war." This sounded nice and momentous and portentous just the way a grave young Vice President ought to talk. The trouble was he forgot that Ike and the State Department have taken the official position that the meeting won't amount to much: it is just a casual feeling-out process. Poor Richard is always stumbling into trouble like this; in a speech last year, he practically sent American troops to Indo-China.

As to Knowland, last week, in the same foreign-aid bill debate, he voted for the $3.4 billion but inserted an amendment on financing at one point that went directly counter to what Eisenhower asked. The Democrats backed Ike and gave him another victory against his own party "leader." The fact is, Knowland is running for the Presidential nomination, too; perhaps in 1956; certainly in 1960. He is plotting his course to appeal to the old Taft Republican conservative wing, and is making speeches all over the lot.

And what can we say about Ike, the third member of the triangle? As columnist Doris Fleeson observed, the suave Southern Democrats would not have half the power they do in Congress "if he were a strong President who liked to run his own politics." Instead of that, he has a "passion for getting along with Congress." Asked at his latest press conference whether he would give preference to tax cuts or balanced budget next year, Ike responded in a cliché that seemed almost automatic: "I am sure that the first thing we must do is balance the budget." It was almost painful to hear reporters laughing at this on their way back to their offices. "Don't take Ike literally on this" was the tactful way the *Wall Street Journal* expressed it next day.

Even the ingrained conservative Hoover Commission rebuked Oveta Culp ("nobody-could-have-foreseen") Hobby for failing to ask for money for 723 research projects of the National Institute of Health. The projects would have cost only $7.4 million, but Mrs. Hobby's keyword is "economy." Isn't that what Ike preached in his campaign? Isn't that the Treasury's approach to defense problems? Mrs. Hobby has saved elsewhere. The Food and Drug Administration wanted to continue the intensified campaign to keep weevil droppings and rat manure out of grain cars and elevators; Mrs. Hobby saved taxes for us there, too, and threw out the Truman order of May, 1952. Mrs. Hobby's greatest success, of course, is the Salk vaccine. Her department has managed to steer clear of government controls, as contrasted to the Canadians. This will save money, too, no doubt, at least for the time being. It will also apparently postpone immunization for children about a year in many states. It would have been still cheaper if the vaccine had not been discovered at all. What a pity Mrs. Hobby may soon leave the department!

When asked at a press conference this spring what qualifications Iowa lawyer-politician Allen Whitfield had for his proposed new job on the five-man Atomic Energy Commission, Eisenhower said he didn't know personally; the appointment had come up through his staff. "They" had chosen Whitfield, he said. This column understands that Democrats have investigated Whitfield's curious patronage-dispensing record in Iowa, on the GOP Central Committee, and plan to try to block confirmation; Democrats want to dramatize the odd kind of people "they" are selling to Ike.

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BEHIND THE HEADLINES

Hammarskjold's Diplomacy and the US Fliers

WHEN FOUR American fliers were released recently by the Chinese Communists, those in Washington who know the inside story were unstinting in their praise of Dag Hammarskjold. Not all the story can be told, because of the other imprisoned Americans, but one official described the Secretary-General's performance as "a brilliant negotiation." The comment points up a difference between the present Secretary-General and his predecessor Trygve Lie (1945-1953), and between the political role now played by the UN Secretary-General and the colorless civil servant function of the Secretariat in the old League of Nations.

Praise for Hammarskjold in Washington is not intended to minimize the contribution of the Indian diplomat Krishna Menon who visited Peking immediately before the release, nor to ignore the moral pressure applied to Chou En-lai by many delegates at the Bandung Conference in April. But it was the silent, discreet, trust-inspiring work of Hammarskjold, communicating with Chou En-lai for almost six months through the Swedish ambassador at Peking, which unlocked the prison doors, and it was a shrewd bit of semantics suggested by Hammarskjold which enabled the Chinese to save face.

The UN resolution of last December 11 was peremptory in tone. It called on the Chinese to release the fliers in accordance with the terms of the Korean Armistice Agreement. In other words, it said China should admit she was wrong and back down. Hammarskjold suggested that China might convict the fliers, and sentence them to deportation. Either way the fliers got their freedom. And the formula could apply to all Americans imprisoned in China.

The office of the Secretary-General is beginning to reach maturity. As drafted at San Francisco 10 years ago, the UN Charter bestowed upon the Secretary-General a political responsibility far exceeding that of the equivalent official in the League of Nations. Both, of course, had housekeeping duties and served as chief administrative officer of their organization. But the UN Charter gave the Secretary-General the power to "bring to the attention of the Security Council any matter which in his opinion may threaten the maintenance of international peace." In practice the SG can propose items for the agenda in any organ of the United Nations, and take part in debate, a privilege otherwise restricted to government. By implication the Secretary-General has the privilege of injecting himself into the negotiation of any world issue which threatens the peace. Trygve Lie, in his book *In the Cause of Peace* (1954), says the Secretary-General can be "a bold leader of international thought and action" and "a confidant of world statesmen."

Lie acted as such a "confidant" during the crisis over threatened invasion of Iran by the USSR in 1946, during the Palestine fighting in 1948, and the Berlin blockade in 1948-1949. His most spectacular venture in personal diplomacy was his "Peace Mission" of 1950, in which he made a flying visit to the heads of state in Washington, London, Paris and Moscow to present his own 20-year peace plan. He was rebuffed by Stalin personally, and found "polite coolness," to use his phrase, in the other capitals. Before he could advance his plan beyond this first round, the invasion of South Korea made further discussions impractical. And when the Korean War was ended, Lie was no longer around.

Dag Hammarskjold has taken an active personal interest in two issues—the Palestine Armistice Commission and the imprisoned fliers. Serious clashes on the Israeli-Jordan and Israeli-Egypt borders could have resulted in the outbreak of regional war if he had not thrown the full weight of the UN behind the orders of his armistice teams.

The difference between Hammarskjold and Lie is one of personality more than one of concept. Lie felt that the UN should be a visible institution, that he as its symbol should beam the searchlight of world publicity on his political role. Hammarskjold cares less for institutional credit. There are other differences between the performance of the men, small but significant. Lie had a private dining room; Hammarskjold eats in the cafeteria with the staff. Lie antagonized the UN specialized agencies by trying to extend the Secretariat's powers; Hammarskjold has won their confidence.

The political influence of the office of SG has been growing under the adroit handling of this 50-year-old Swede. One can understand the familiarity of one of the liberated American fliers who remarked: "It will be one of the big moments of our lives when we meet Dag."

"Name is Cain, says he used to be a Senator."

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Half Loaves from Harmony House

DESPITE the defense of the Democrats on page 23 of this issue by one of the ablest younger Congressmen, events continue to suggest that his party's leadership in Congress is more interested in avoiding fights than in writing a legislative record that will offer the voters a genuine alternative in 1956.

To take one example, Sen. Albert Gore's (D, Tenn.) highway bill originally provided that workers on interstate highways would be paid "the prevailing wage" of the area, in accordance with the Davis Bacon Act which has operated since 1931 to require fair labor standards on federally-financed construction projects. But the provision disturbed Southern employers; it threatened a rise in the payrolls of some of them and would have set a tempting example to other workers in this lowest-paid area of the country.

Sen. Dennis Chavez (D, N.M.), chairman of the Public Works committee and the man responsible for reporting the Gore bill, was told by Majority Leader Lyndon Johnson (D, Tex.) that a dozen Southern Senators would vote against it if the "prevailing wage" provision were left in. Senator Chavez thereupon put forward an amendment on the floor to knock it out, explaining:

> I think [the Bacon-Davis provision] belongs in the bill. . . . But I know that in many instances legislation is a matter of compromise, and I wish to have a road bill passed at this session. . . . I have decided to offer the amendment . . . in the interest of harmony which is so much required, and in the interest of comradeship and compromise. . . . However, I say that in offering the amendment, I do so contrary to my conscience.

Senator Johnson maneuvered to avoid a roll call on the Chavez amendment, and Southerners and Republicans united to kill the "prevailing wage" provision by a standing vote.

To take another example, Majority Leader Johnson has made his pacific influence felt also in the Senate Labor Subcommittee's consideration of proposals for raising the minimum wage and extending its coverage. Under pressure from the Democratic leadership, the subcommittee voted unanimously to postpone debate until next fall of measures like Senator Lehman's (D, N.Y.) which would assure minimum wages to an estimated 6.5 million workers of the 20 million not presently protected. Most of the still uncovered workers are employed by small retail and wholesale establishments and by small telephone companies around the country, so it is not astonishing to find most of the opposition to extension coming from retailers, wholesalers and the owners of small telephone companies. Here, too, Southern employers lead the opposition. So bitter and widespread has their combined antagonism to extending coverage been that if the provision is offered on its own, it is sure to be quickly voted down by the usual Republican-Southern Democrat coalition. But the fact is that if the subcommittee had coupled the extension provision with the relatively popular compromise bill to raise the minimum wage to a dollar, extension would have had a fighting chance of getting through . . . but this would have meant a fight. Senator Johnson prefers peace. The bills will not be joined, nor will the issue.

The Kiss of Death

CONGRESS has authorized but not appropriated $3.5 billion in foreign aid. The chances that this sum will be appropriated have been greatly reduced, and the responsibility rests on President Eisenhower. Once again the endless pattern has been repeated in which President Eisenhower's professed objectives are struck down by men whom he appointed to key posts of influence.

President Eisenhower appointed eight businessmen and one former government official to prepare the Hoover Commission Study of Overseas Economic Operations. Their report, just published, is not quite extreme enough for the Commissioners who now declare that they wanted a frontal attack on the entire concept of continuing aid by the United States to the free nations. But the report meets them at least half way, and proposes actions which, if adopted, will make economic aid a sham.

United States technicians in Asia have determined that agricultural progress there demands, at the very least, large-scale fertilizer and power plants. But the Hoover Commission Report now declares that because agricultural development is Asia's primary need, aid for all large-scale industrial projects there must cease. Eight years of experience have demonstrated that unified management is indispensable to efficient field operations overseas. But the Hoover report in the name of efficiency, recommends that the foreign-aid program be split eight ways between the Departments of State, Treasury, Agriculture, Interior, Commerce, Labor, Health, Education and Welfare, and the Export-Import Bank.

"A single organization under a single management" was the rule laid down by President Eisenhower in transferring the Foreign Operations Administration to the Department of State. This concept, which Congress has made a condition of substantial appropriations for aid, is now flatly rejected by the Hoover Commission which proposes in effect to deny to

New Republic A JOURNAL OF OPINION

1826 JEFFERSON PLACE, N. W. WASHINGTON 6, D. C.

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Published weekly and Copyrighted, 1955 in the USA by New Republic, Inc. Phone: REpublic 7-8656. Entered as second-class matter September 26, 1950, at the post office at Washington, D. C., under the Act of March 3, 1879. Single copy, 20c; Yearly subscription, $7.00; Foreign, $8.00; Armed Forces personnel or students, $5.00.

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the US any foreign economic policy and to restore instead the patchwork of independent actions by government agencies that prevailed in prewar years. Where does this leave John Hollister, Executive Director of the Commission when the Report was written, and now the President's nominee as Director of the foreign-aid program? Either Hollister, in seeking Congressional confirmation will have to repudiate the Hoover Commission, or Congress in confirming him will have to repudiate the standards it has held to be fundamental to the constructive use of the huge sums it has authorized and may still appropriate for overseas aid.

McGraw-Hill Has It

INEXPENSIVE and popular how-to-do-it books published by the government are being shelved, allowed to go out of print, and deliberately depopularized in deference to the Administration's horror of being accused of competing with private enterprise. *Science Service* reports that a 60-cent booklet, "Care and Repair of the House," which has sold 114,600 copies in the past four years, will no longer be printed. The simple reason, according to Donald R. Burgess, head of the Commerce Department's publications office, is that the book "seems to be competitive with privately published books." Interested houseowners may now obtain their copies from the McGraw-Hill publishing company, however—at $3.95 a piece.

Scientists at the Bureau of Standards have been told informally to avoid helpful hints, generalizations and suggestions in their writings. Circulars such as "Automobile Anti-freezes" — remnants of an earlier era—have been allowed to run out of stock while they are re-edited into properly dull form. Bureau of Standards Director Allen V. Astin put it neatly: "Essentially, what will happen is that as they [popular old books] get out of date they will not be re-issued."

The Agriculture Department meanwhile is busy killing off home economics research on such things as the care, selection and use of household appliances and clothing. And the Department of the Interior declares that it is keeping a sharp eye on private publishing lists to make absolutely sure the Department doesn't offer citizens anything they can get at a higher price somewhere else.

The $7 Billion Agricultural Surplus

AN IDEAL plan for disposing of agricultural surpluses held by the United States Government would assure that new areas of food consumption were developed in the world, that an ever-growing number of people were economically able to buy food, and that the commercial interests of all food-exporting countries were safeguarded.

Our present methods for distributing $7 billion of surplus overseas are as far from the ideal as Topeka is from Minsk.

Burma is a good example of how a friendly country can be seriously hurt by the way we now dispose of domestic surpluses. This small country, the size of Texas, derives more than half its governmental revenues from its rice exports, and more than 90 percent of its foreign exchange. Everytime the US sells part of its surplus rice abroad (as in the current food negotiations in Tokyo), the Burmese economy slides toward a slump. Communist countries have shrewdly taken advantage of this by entering the Burmese market this spring with orders for 270,000 tons of Burmese rice, payable largely in Soviet bloc goods, together with technical training for the Burmese. The political consequences are obvious. One Burmese cabinet officer remarked that the US is forcing Burma "to go to Communist China on its knees."

A new and sensible approach to this problem of surpluses has fortunately been put forward by the United Nation's Food and Agricultural Organization. It would enable this government and others to distribute food abroad in a manner beneficial to all.

Under the new FAO plan, a surplus country like the US would agree to sell from its reserves a million tons of wheat, let us say, on long-term credit with low interest, payable in the currency of the consuming country.

Second, an international agency like the FAO would negotiate with some underdeveloped country, India for example, for certain development projects which could be financed largely with wheat. If those projects included a new irrigation program in an Indian district where food is scarce and unemployment high, the workers who dig the canals could be paid two-thirds in wheat and one-third in cash rupees supplied by the Indian Government.

Third, the irrigation project when completed would help boost the local standard of living (Indian experience shows that crop yields will generally double in the first year of irrigation); governmental revenues from that district will rise, and thus the resources gradually become available to repay the long-term loan on the surplus US wheat.

The FAO believes its plan will work equally well whether the surplus food is a loan or a gift. It also believes that suitable development projects which stimulate food consumption could be found in any underdeveloped country.

The defects in present US methods are not the fault of those who administer our laws, but of the laws themselves. Harold Stassen's Foreign Operations Administration was directed by law this year to use $350 million of its funds to finance the disposal of surpluses abroad. The Commodity Credit Corporation, under special legislation of the Congress in 1954, was authorized to sell for local currency up to $700 million in surplus stocks over a three-year period; to give up to $300 million in surplus stocks for famine relief; and to barter unlimited surpluses for strategic materials and for goods needed in our foreign-aid program.

None of these authorizations assures new demands for food abroad; nor do they create any new capacity to pay. And they do not prevent governmental transactions from displacing private sales.

Secretary of Agriculture Benson has been under strong pressure from Congress and some of the national farm organizations to speed up the surplus disposal process. Benson has turned upon one of his critics, the Farm Bureau Federation, and said in effect: "Since your foreign agricultural expert, Gwyn Garnett, wrote the 1954 disposal act for Congress and seems to know all the answers, let him administer it."

This is how the 46-year-old Garnett, one-time Wyoming farm boy and later General Eisenhower's food director in occupied Germany, found himself lifted from the role of Farm Bureau lobbyist to Administrator of the Foreign Agricultural Service, US Government.

But Mr. Garnett can do no more than the law allows, and many of his difficulties are inherent in the law. The UN's new plan, or a variant of it, could resolve many of those difficulties. But as yet the US has not said officially what it thinks of the FAO proposal.

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The Southern Response

by Harold C. Fleming

IN THE WAKE of the Supreme Court ruling on school integration, the dominant mood of the South was one of relief, so pronounced in some quarters that it could hardly be distinguished from jubilance. Southern newspapers bristled with such headlines as "Claim Victory for South" and "Dixie Hails Ruling as Indefinite Extension." Even the fire-breathing white supremacists lacked their usual incandescence. Georgia's Herman Talmadge, for example, could muster nothing stronger than "the people of Georgia will not comply with the decision for a long, long, long (*sic*) time."

In adjoining columns of the same papers, however, one found Negro spokesmen expressing approval and the NAACP lauding the decision as a "clear-cut determination" of the issue. What was a bewildered reader to think?

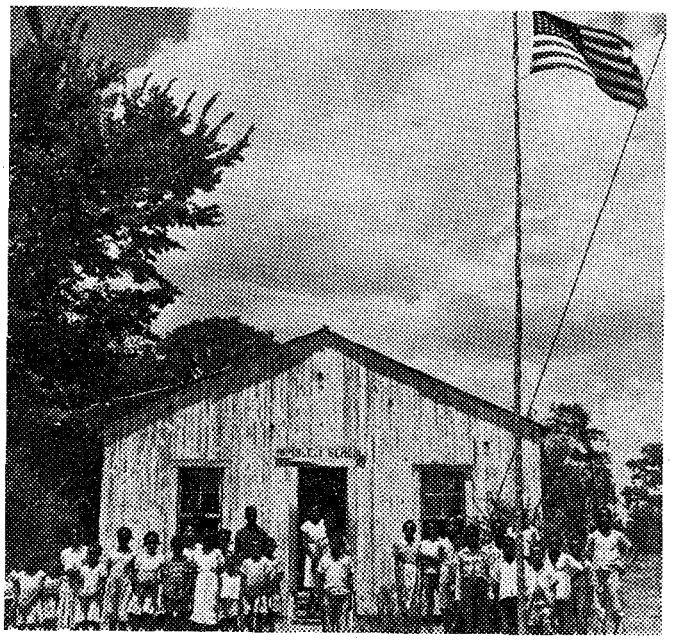
One who turned to the inside pages and read the full text of the opinion could at least form his own judgment. The Supreme Court clearly granted wide discretion to the federal district courts which are charged with overseeing compliance by local school boards. The district courts are told that their job is to require school authorities to "make a prompt and reasonable start" toward integration. Once such a start is made, the courts may allow additional time for certain administrative problems to be worked out—provided the delay is necessary and consistent with "good faith compliance at the earliest practicable date."

At first glance, it would seem that the segregationists had mistaken the sugar-coating for the pill. There is no suggestion in the opinion that local prejudices are among the problems "related to administration" that might justify delay. On the contrary, the Supreme Court throws in the remark, ". . . it should go without saying that the vitality of these constitutional principles cannot be allowed to yield simply because of disagreement with them."

It is not on these words, however, that the segregationists are resting their hopes, but on the men whose application of the words will count—the federal district judges, mostly natives of the states where they serve. As Lt. Gov. Ernest Vandiver of Georgia put it:

> They are steeped in the same traditions that I am. . . . A "reasonable time" can be construed as one year or two hundred. . . . Thank God we've got good federal judges!

Harold Fleming is director of the Southern Regional Council, which, under the auspices of the Ford Foundation, has undertaken a major study of the impact on the South of inter-racial integration in the schools.



Negro school in Mississippi

A good many newspapers also contributed editorially to this image of the kindly, goateed judge winking sympathetically at the delinquencies of his fellow white Southerners.

How far the judges will permit their Southern sympathies to sway them only time will tell. But there is little evidence to support the view that they will connive in all-out evasion of the ruling. In recent years, Southern federal judges have enforced Supreme Court decrees granting Negroes the right to vote, to serve on juries, to be admitted to state universities, and to ride unsegregated on interstate trains and buses. Few of them have made any liberal innovations on their own, but once the Supreme Court has made its view clear they have applied it conscientiously. Only last March Federal Judge John J. Parker of North Carolina joined two other Southern judges in ruling against segregation in public swimming pools and park facilities. This was the same Judge Parker whose decision upholding school segregation in Clarendon County, S. C., was overturned by the Supreme Court last May.

Whatever decrees are entered by the district judges will be considered too lenient by some and too strict by others. Such cases are bound to be appealed by one side or the other, and the net result will be a stricter definition of what constitutes "reasonable" delay.

The only "victory" for the segregationists—and it is temporary—lies in the fact that all this will take time. No significant amount of court-enforced integration is likely for another year. It will take at least that long to bring new lawsuits and push them to completion. The immediate effects of last week's ruling are limited to the District of Columbia, Wilmington, Del., Topeka, Kansas, Clarendon County, S. C., and Prince Edward County, Va. The first three areas, none of which is in the South proper, have already proceeded with integration. The

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last two are rural Southern counties with heavy Negro populations—45 percent in Prince Edward and 71 percent in Clarendon. And authorities in both have announced that they will shut down their schools rather than mix their white and Negro pupils.

Thus the first application of the Supreme Court's decision in the South will not be a test of compliance, but a test of defiance. The Deep South's plan to resist desegregation by abandoning public schools may be disposed of by the courts before it is ever put into effect on a statewide basis.

Fortunately, the die-hard pro-segregation position has been adopted by the political leadership of only four Southern states—Mississippi, Georgia, South Carolina and Louisiana. Of the remaining 13 states chiefly affected, Maryland, Delaware, Missouri, Oklahoma, West Virginia and Kentucky have already started complying or have indicated that they plan to do so.

That leaves the so-called "wait-and-see" states of North Carolina, Virginia, Arkansas, Tennessee, Florida, Texas and Alabama. In these states, moderate elements have waged a sort of political tug-of-war with the more extreme segregationists during the last year. There was no clear-cut division between pro- and anti-integrationists. The battle was between those who favored joining the die-hard states by enacting drastic resistance measures and those who advocated restraint and watchful waiting.

So far the moderates have held the edge in all seven of these states, and the Supreme Court's new ruling should strengthen their hand. Had the Court sought to impose on the state governments the legal obligation to enforce desegregation throughout their school systems, some of the "wait-and-see" states would undoubtedly have moved promptly into the resistance column. As it is, the desegregation process will be piecemeal, with each community responsible for devising and carrying out its own formula. All that is legally required of the states is to keep out of the way.

Fortunately again, some of the moderate states can be expected to do something more constructive than washing their hands of the problem. Arkansas' Commissioner of Education Arch Ford has already announced that his department will assist communities in making the required transition. At least one or two other departments of education in the moderate states will doubtless do the same. Such encouragement on the part of state officials should do much to strengthen the will to comply in the communities.

The further splintering of the "solid South" heralded by these developments will not follow state lines. Except for the states in the Deep South that impose uniformity from above, local differences will produce a variety of adjustments within each state.

One index to local attitudes—though not necessarily the determining one—is the ratio of Negroes to whites. The highland counties of eastern Tennessee, for example, will probably integrate their relatively few Negro pupils much more readily than the heavily Negro counties in the Mississippi Delta at the other end of the state. The same contrast is notable among the counties of North Carolina, Virginia, Arkansas and Texas. Even before the Supreme Court spelled out its mandate, two communities in Arkansas and one in Texas admitted their handfuls of Negro high school students to the white schools.

A second and often more important index to community attitudes is urbanization. With one or two outstanding exceptions, the industrial cities of the South have accepted changes in the racial pattern with a minimum of fuss. This is merely a special example, of course, of the levelling forces at work in most American cities. It varies markedly in the South with the degree of political influence wielded by the Negro community. Local officials who draw support from both white and Negro voters have a strong incentive to settle racial differences as harmoniously as possible. In this instance, they will work hard to develop desegregation plans acceptable to both races. Their task will be made easier by the high degree of *de facto* school segregation imposed by the racial pattern of housing in most Southern cities.

ANY ATTEMPT to predict in detail the effects of the Supreme Court's ruling would be foolhardy at this early stage. NAACP leaders, conferring in Atlanta after the Court's decision, drew up legal strategy to activate the decision on a grand scale. State and local officials throughout the South are already meeting, pondering the decision, and shaping their policies of compliance or resistance. Ordinary citizens are doing whatever they do when momentous public questions are in the air. In short, the Supreme Court decision has set in motion a vast, uneven process of change in the South. The only thing that can be said with absolute certainty is that the process is under way and, whatever setbacks lie ahead, will not be reversed.

Those who doubt the capacity of the people to make the change, who can see nothing but trouble and strife and bloodshed to come, might reflect on these words of Marion A. Wright, president of the Southern Regional Council:

> There are literally hundreds of examples, drawn from every Southern state, of voluntary desegregation: church schools and colleges and other private institutions of learning; professional associations of doctors, lawyers, nurses, ministers and social workers; many private organizations and agencies; public libraries; and public bodies to which Negroes have been elected with substantial support from white voters.
>
> These and a host of other changes have not been imposed on the South; they have been made by the free choice of Southerners who recognized that they were in the public interest. They represent the growing conviction in the South that we will have a stronger, healthier, more productive society if we admit every citizen to unqualified participation in public life.

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AT YOUR FRIENDLY GAS STATION

by Walter Goodman

EARLY in 1952 Mrs. Ethel Berg Powell and her husband leased a gasoline station in Fitzgerald, Georgia, from the Sinclair Oil Company. The Coast Line Railroad, by which Mr. Powell had been employed, had moved its shops to Florida, and rather than leave their home, the Powells, both in their fifties, decided to go into business for themselves.

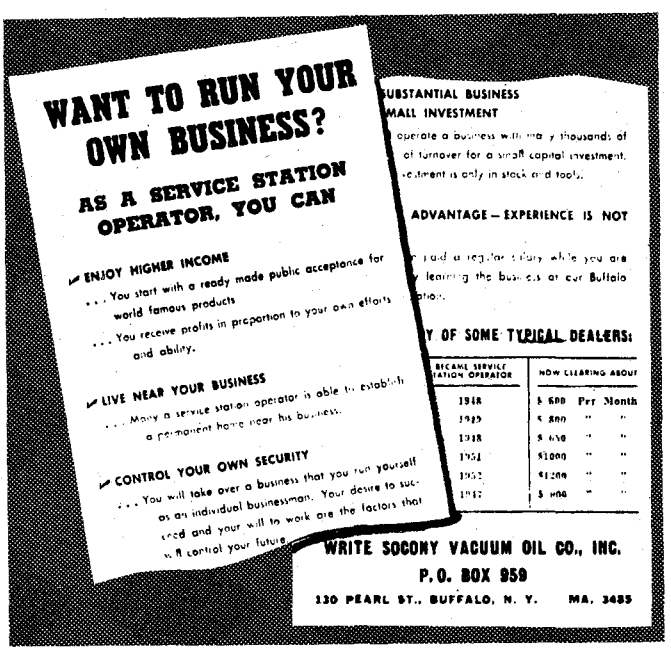
The previous operator of the Sinclair station had lost money, but the Powells were well known and well liked around town. In two years they tripled the stock and the number of employees—from one to three—and in 1954 they won the company's award for the most gallons sold. All this was accomplished only by working 15 hours a day, but it *was* their business after all.

Toward the end of their third year's lease, rumors began reaching the Powells that the local Sinclair representative had been inquiring around town about getting a new operator for their station. And a few weeks later they received a formal 30-day notice that their lease would not be renewed. No further explanation was forthcoming despite repeated requests—although the reason for the ouster soon became evident: the Powells had been selling items that the Sinclair Company did not want them to sell. The oil company refused to permit the new leasee to purchase any station equipment except that bearing the Sinclair label, and the Powells took a $5,000 loss on their investment. They sold their home and moved to Florida where Mr. Powell went back to work in a railroad machine shop.

This tale of the Georgia couple's short, happy life as go-it-alone entrepreneurs was told by Mrs. Powell to a House Small Business Subcommittee, headed by Rep. James Roosevelt (D, Calif.). It is one of about 60 which the Committee has heard in recent weeks from filling-station operators and former filling-station operators who have come from every section of the country to tell the Congressmen that their friendly, courteous, smiling gasoline dealers don't have much to smile about.

The big oil companies used to own their own retail outlets, but they dropped most of these in the 1930's to avoid high taxes and antitrust suits. Now the stations are leased out—generally for a year, with a 30-day cancellation clause—to ambitious young fellows, like Glen Manchester of Cheektowaga, New York. When Glen was discharged from the Navy in 1946, it was his ambition to run a filling station. He owned a suitable piece of land, and went to the bank for a GI loan which would enable him to purchase the necessary equipment. The bank agreed to the loan, but only on condition that Glen lease out his land to a reputable oil company—in this case, Frontier and Ashland—and then lease it back again. The banker knew that an oil company is rarely interested in dealing with a *too* independent entrepreneur.

In addition to the leasee stations, oil companies also operate through so-called C-stations. These either work on a commission basis—more or less as simple salesmen for the companies—or else they operate as consignees, independent except that the company retains title to the gasoline and can lawfully set the tank price. And then, too, there are still some directly owned stations around, which hold a very special position in the economics of the industry. Standard Oil of Ohio, for instance, owns about 400 stations and leases out about 4,000. As Arthur Katz of Columbus, Ohio—one of the 4,000—testified: "The overwhelming pressure of the prices posted in the company-operated stations is sufficient to bring Standard's supposedly independent retailers into line." Lee Gardner, a Greenville, Texas, Good Gulf dealer for 10½ years, quoted a Gulf vice-president as warning him: "If you all don't go down on your price in Greenville, we will have a company-operated outlet in Greenville, and we will establish the price."



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For over-all pricing purposes the United States has been divided into eight parts. While you are driving through New England and New York, you are under the jurisdiction of Socony-Vacuum; if you cross the George Washington Bridge and continue south, you run into Standard Oil of New Jersey territory—until you get to the deep South where Standard of Kentucky holds the line. The Atlantic Refining Company takes care of Pennsylvania and Delaware drivers. Out West, Standard Oil of California and Continental of Colorado share the responsibility; in the Midwest, Standard of Ohio and Standard of Indiana set the pace.

But despite this amiable division, prices may still vary. Perhaps bad weather has cut down on the amount of gas used in a given month; or perhaps a company's sales have been slipping in a given area; or possibly a major wants to chase out an ostentatiously prosperous independent. The big company may wire Madison Avenue to start a big advertising campaign; it may give away free drinking glasses and balloons; or—a sure-fire tactic—it may force down prices.

In February, 1954, a Shell salesman arrived at Clarence Robbins' station in Rockville, Maryland, with a big sign celebrating a new low price for Shell gas. He also brought along the proper applications for Robbins to fill out asking the company for a discount to meet competition. Robbins soon found that he couldn't afford the drop in income—which the discount didn't begin to cover—and removed the big sign. The salesman spoke darkly of "non-co-operation." In February of this year, the salesman was back again with the same request, reminding Robbins of last year's unco-operative spirit and informing him, in Robbins' words, that "the Shell Company is vitally interested in establishing prices at the respective outlets and that they could not legally fix prices under the present independent operating lease arrangements." However, they could establish the price per gallon if Robbins were to operate on a commission basis, and he was given the alternative of becoming a commission station operator or having his lease terminated.

Glen Manchester wasn't given any alternative. Frontier and Ashland allowed him a ½-cent wholesale discount on condition that he cut his retail price three cents. This meant operating at a loss, and Manchester was forced to shut down his station and default on his GI loan. He is currently subject to foreclosure proceedings, and no oil company will take a chance on leasing to him until he has paid off his debts.

Roger Stubbs, a former Shell leasee in Seattle, told the Representatives how he was informed by a Shell spokesman "that it would be an absolute necessity that I drop my price half a cent a gallon to meet Standard Oil 'competition' next door . . . and if I didn't drop the price and if I wouldn't co-operate with them, they would most certainly get somebody in there that would." In April, 1954, stubborn Mr. Stubbs received notice that his lease would not be renewed.

TO WIN NEW CUSTOMERS Lee Woodruff and his wife work for him the night sending out postcards reminding customers that their cars are due for a check-up at his station. With 20 service stations competing for motorists' business in his community, Woodruff must always offer services that attract new customers - keep old ones happy.

EX-PARATROOPER MAKES GOOD

Lee Woodruff Shows How to Succeed in the Competitive Business of Running a Service Station

Lee Woodruff is a 27-year-old war veteran of Bellefontaine, Ohio, who made a life-long dream come true in 1949 when he started a business of his own – investing every penny he had in a small service station.

Service station competition in Bellefontaine is keen, as it is everywhere else in the U.S. (Count the service stations in your own neighborhood.) But Lee Woodruff has found that for those who don't mind hard work and long hours the oil business is alive with opportunity.

Starting almost from scratch, in 5 years he has built up a highly successful service station business in Bellefontaine.

There's probably an oilman like Lee Woodruff right around the corner from where you live. Actually 9 out of 10 of America's 188,000 service stations are operated by local dealers who are in business for themselves.

Most people take for granted the outstanding products and services they get from their local service stations. But it's worth remembering that these benefits don't just happen—they are the direct result of the keen competition for business that goes on constantly in America's oil industry.

AMERICAN PETROLEUM INSTITUTE, 50 West 50th Street, New York 20, N. Y.

SOME REASONS FOR WOODRUFF'S SUCCESS:

PENSIONED RAILROADER Harry Kalafus: "Lee Woodruff runs my family's gasoline business with his friendly grin and a line of services. He's always ready to help out in an emergency."

SCHOOL TEACHER Marion Weddle: "I've seen every new kind of a stunt since the 'free' time. I don't take free 'Woodruff's stamps. I just know I had to worry about my car."

WOODRUFF'S Mr. Ray D. Wenner: "I asked Lee why he worked so hard on it. He said 'Because I have to keep two satisfied customers where owners in this town would like two hundred.'"

SALESMAN Dick Annand: "I keep my car with Lee. I know it will get thorough care like the kind he gives our firm's 2 trucks as a driver for many and a home for and while he around the car."

Stubbs also described a particularly neat company tactic to dispose of excess stocks without suffering a heavy loss. A major supplier sells gas to off-brand dealers at 1.5 to 3.5 cents below the norm. Then the supplier demands that regular dealers meet the competition resulting from the wholesale price preference it has allowed the independent.

In addition to keeping a sharp eye on a dealer's prices and hours of work—Shell told Stubbs in 1953 he'd have to stay open until midnight instead of his usual 10 p.m. —the companies also have rules about what leasees may and may not sell. All the oil companies maintain informal agreements with rubber firms to promote their tires. Shell performs this service for Goodyear for a 10-percent cut—as Bill Cordell, a large Cincinnati operator, was forcibly reminded when the oil company canceled his lease after 19 years for selling Lee Tires. This display of the fruits of non-co-operation was not lost on smaller dealers in the area.

In a single 18-month period, one oil company reportedly sold $59 million worth of tires, batteries and accessories and turned a tidy 10 percent profit. Local salesmen, too, get a commission on their TBA sales, so the pressure is on all the way down the line for dealers to accept and plug the selected brands. Sometimes, of course, the selected brand is changed. One dealer told of stocking up obediently with company-approved Champion spark plugs, only to have the company enter into a

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new alliance, which meant switching to Auto-Lite or getting into the bad books of the local company representative, who can cancel one out pretty much at his own discretion.

But some dealers, like Ed Horton, have a weakness for selling what their customers want to buy. In 1952, Horton, who was then leasing a Standard Oil of Kentucky station in Manchester, Ga., displayed both the Atlas Permaguard Anti-freeze sponsored by Standard and Prestone Anti-freeze, a far more popular brand. The company salesman told him to get rid of the Prestone. He also told him to sell his Henderson tire changer and buy a Standard-sponsored Iron Coates Tireman. Every two weeks the salesman dropped by to urge additional stocks of Standard-approved products on Horton, who felt himself sufficiently stocked.

In January, 1953, Horton was called in by the company's agents and, as he testified, told that "I had to abide by the policies of the Standard Oil Company and that they had a quota of TBA products to meet and that my station . . . had to meet this quota and they were going to get it one way or another." But he still declined to buy more than he thought he could sell. He held out for two years; in January, 1955, he received a letter from the Standard district manager canceling his 30-year lease. He was paid only for his Standard equipment and lost $1,500.

In the good days, before he was canceled out, Horton earned $250 a month for a family of four. This is a fair income for a filling-station operator. Two-thirds of the approximately 250,000 dealers throughout the country are making a bare living or actually losing money. Of the 63 stations in Amherst, New York, for instance, 44 have had one or more changes of management since 1950. Thirty-six of them have had 115 different operators in the past five years. The most efficient dealers in the Detroit area make about a 5.7 percent return on their cost of operation.

In some places it's positively dangerous to make too good a living. Standard Oil of California has been known to convert a particularly profitable leased Chevron station into one of its own Red-White-Blue Standard outlets. On the other hand, if the company finds itself saddled with a unit that is losing money regularly, there's always some eager young fellow around to take it over on a leasee basis.

But the companies usually see to it that their leasees don't make a dangerous amount of money. The president of the Ohio Gas Dealers Association noted for the Roosevelt Committee that while the retail price of gasoline has gone up from 16 cents a gallon in 1934 to 26.9 cents today, the dealer's margin has risen from 4 cents all the way to 4.3 cents during the same period.

Representative Roosevelt's investigation is not the first to be made of the oil companies' relations with the men who sell their products. In 1940 the Justice Department brought an antitrust suit against the 22 oil companies and their many affiliates who make up the American Petroleum Institute. The suit was suspended during the war and has since proved too cumbersome to handle *en masse*. Separate proceedings against the Sun Oil Company in Philadelphia and Standard Oil of California are now underway. It was revealed in 1940 that the 22 companies owned or controlled 92 percent of the country's crude oil stores; 85 percent of the gasoline refineries; 90 percent of the stocks of finished gas; and 75 percent of the service stations.

The Justice Department summed up the tribulations of your happy filling-station operator in its 1940 suit against the Petroleum Institute:

> . . . the majors have the power, through threatening to cancel the lease by exercising the short-term cancellation clause, to force the operator to handle the lessor's petroleum products exclusively and sell them at the prices dictated by the lessor; the lessor also cancels leases where the operator fails to maintain or increase the predetermined gas gallonage which forms the basis for calculating rent, or when the operator refuses to purchase supplies of automotive equipment from the lessor or persons designated by him. In addition the majors have the power to force operators to maintain or increase the predetermined gas gallonage by dictating the reduction of sales prices without making a corresponding reduction in the price at which the operator purchases the gas.

Why do men enter a field which offers all the risks of private enterprise with none of its independence, a field in which they are kept—as a Michigan operator put it—"docile, submissive, and subservient"? The oil companies encourage them with invitations to "Be Your Own Boss!" The majors operate training schools which keep a supply of high school graduates flowing to replace uncooperative operators. They offer easy financing terms to the prospective leasee. "We specially like farm boys," one candid oil company recruiting agent told a committee staff member: "They'll work 18 hours a day."

But these oil company lures only point to the real reasons why men choose to operate gas stations. Witness after witness gave the Congressmen the same answers to the question of why they had become involved and remain involved despite their hard lessons. They've always liked being around automobiles, they explain. They like working outdoors most of the day. They like being on their own. Working outdoors, puttering with cars, being on your own, perhaps sporting the smart uniforms and wildly happy faces that singing Texaco dealers used to sport on Milton Berle's TV show—American goals all of them. And some 60 men who worked hard to achieve these goals have now appeared before a Congressional committee, frustrated and confused. They had all the proper dreams, but somehow things never quite worked out right, and many still don't understand where it was they went wrong.

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The Irony of the Peters Case

by Brian Gilbert

DR. JOHN PUNNETT PETERS is senior professor of medicine at Yale University. For some years he was also a consultant to the United States Public Health Service. His advice was regularly sought when the government doled out funds for research projects. But his superiors in the Health Service received "certain information regarding his loyalty," and after he had twice been cleared by loyalty boards, a rehearing was held by the Loyalty Review Board, and he was dismissed from government employment, as a loyalty risk. Dr. Peters contested his dismissal, and finally his case reached the Supreme Court, which has now heard arguments on the constitutionality of his discharge.

It is important to emphasize at the outset that the Court did not review the substance of the charges against Dr. Peters. His was a case involving "procedural," not "substantive," due process. The issue was whether the procedure for discharge of government employees as loyalty or security risks can include a hearing which considers evidence given in secret by undisclosed informants. But although any discussion of the Peters case should center on this *procedural* question, we cannot ignore the fact that the court *did* learn of the *substance* of the charges against Dr. Peters. How the Justices were told is part of the story. For it is the supreme irony of the Peters case that while his attorneys were putting forward powerful arguments for full disclosure of charges and witnesses, their chances of success may well have diminished sharply when the charges against their client were, finally, disclosed.

First, then, how does the procedural question arise?

IN dealing with employees accused of being security risks, the government has elected to use a hearing procedure rather than a "peremptory" or pink-slip discharge. It asserts that the hearing is both fairer and more desirable for two reasons: it affords the employee an opportunity to defend himself, even though his accusers are invisible; and it protects the government from the loss of assets (workers, who are expensive and slow to train) when the defense is successful.

But the constitutional argument against the hearing-without-confrontation runs thus: the Constitution requires that "due process of law" precede any punishment by the government (any deprivation of life, liberty and property). Until recently "punishment" has been thought to mean only fines, imprisonment or execution, but in some recent cases the courts seem to be moving toward requiring "due process" (such as that followed in a "court trial") when the loss of a job is coupled with a loss of reputation. When the public is led to believe that the employee has been "convicted" of disloyalty by something like a trial (even though only a "hearing" had taken place), his reputation suffers far more than if he were merely fired. When that hearing is a sham, when he is denied the "right of confrontation," the gap between the process and the punishment is so wide that the court would probably not hesitate to call the procedure unconstitutional if there were no strong argument on the other side.

But there is such an argument: the Department of Justice, first under President Truman and now again, admits that confrontation is desirable but asserts that requiring the disclosure of secret witnesses used in loyalty or security proceedings would be too costly. This "practical" argument is next transmuted into the constitutional terms: firing an employee is sufficiently unlike convicting a criminal to permit different procedures in the presence of strong necessity. Disclosure, says the FBI, would "spend" too many undercover agents, throttle its "casual informant system," and result in the loss of technical secrets.

The government illustrates its point by the success of some FBI undercover agents in wriggling their way up the capillaries of the Communist apparatus to positions near its center. The Department deems it too "expensive" to purchase the discharge of one such employee at the cost of exposing such an agent.

So runs what may be called the "argument for necessity." On the other side is what Peters' attorneys call "the argument for decency." Nearly everyone recognizes that gossips, envious neighbors or competitive co-workers may all bear false witness in secret if they know they will never have to face their victim. We have learned to guard against injustice by requiring confrontation. It is conscience and common sense which have imbedded this concept in the phrase "due process."

But does necessity outweigh an affronted sense of decency? The balance is not easy, and the scales are subject to atmospheric changes produced by general arguments, conflicting personalities and "the amplification of issues."

Before the Court, both sides argued like stage lawyers, facing the judges, but projecting for the audi-

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Brian Gilbert, the pseudonym of a well-known Washington commentator on political affairs, was the author of "New Light on the Lattimore Case" which appeared in the New Republic *of December 27, 1954.*

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ence. They knew that the case could not be built on a scaffolding of precedent. And they set about creating an emotional climate which might conceivably affect the Justices, who are after all, like the rest of us, parts of the reading and listening public.

Messrs. Arnold, Fortas and Porter, arguing for Dr. Peters, had a difficult job. They had to arouse public outrage, and outrage waxes best when it concerns not merely an issue but a human being . . . a suffering hero. Unfortunately, in this context, Dr. Peters is no hero. He has an almost unrivaled record of affiliation with Communist-front groups, lasting until very recent days. His lawyers saw that ominous cloud overhanging their case and could do little to blow it away. There was always the chance that at a crucial time Dr. Peters' personal history would come to light, and their "public case" would suffer. To a certain extent they were protected by the very system of almost clandestine hearings which they attacked: government regulations precluded the release of the charges against Dr. Peters except by Peters', unlikely, consent.

The government lawyers energetically went about creating a public attitude in their favor, but until the end it seemed that the requirement that Dr. Peters' record could not be disclosed would fatally cripple *their* "public argument." A nasty problem: limited disclosure might lead to a decision requiring full disclosure. But the dark dilemma did not deter discussion. Off-the-record discussion groups became so common that finally the Peters side got a hand from Columnist Drew Pearson, who lambasted Assistant Attorney General Warren Burger for lunching with the press. Of course the righteousness of this criticism was somewhat dimmed by the daily occurrence of the kind of indiscretions Mr. Pearson had ignored: every reporter who followed the story knew that few lawyers for either side passed the salad course on any day during the critical weeks without imparting a few careful phrases about the case to a scribbling friend. Like Mr. Burger, Messrs. Arnold, Fortas and Porter eat regularly and have many friends who are also reporters.

From the outset Justice Department spokesmen were full of oblique references to the case, even for direct quotation. Attorney General Brownell published an extensive defense of non-disclosure in *US News and World Report*. Assistants Burger and Tompkins made a series of speeches explaining the dependence of the FBI on confidential informants. They obviously chafed at the security requirements which hid Peters' record, but they had to be satisfied with the dropping of inferences. Their briefs focused rather tightly on the law (and on a few quotations from FBI officials concerning the necessity for non-disclosure). On the other hand, the briefs for Peters broadened increasingly until their final reply brief and Mr. Porter's final argument were almost entirely devoted to evocative, extra-legal material.

When, on the 19th of April, the case was argued before the Court, it was apparent that within the bank of Justices a split was showing. Mr. Justice Frankfurter was even more waspish than usual, buzzing about Mr. Burger's head, interrupting, contradicting, and coining epigrams. (Later the Justice Department filed a supplementary memorandum, at the request of Chief Justice Warren, and dismissed one of Frankfurter's inquiries with a frosty footnote, as if "writing off" one vote.) From the other side of the Chief Justice, however, Mr. Justice Reed seemed to be displaying his usual sympathy for the prosecution, asking incredulously whether Mr. Arnold really thought Dr. Peters had been "hurt."

BUT the most dramatic aspect of the oral argument was the intense interest the Court displayed in Dr. Peters' file, and its apparent feeling that it was the Justice Department that was afraid that the reasons for dismissing him would come to light. Mr. Burger was assailed by a series of Justices as if he were the enemy's flagship, lying dead in the water: he could only run in his guns and retire behind the secrecy requirements of the security program.

It was perhaps during that argument that one (of the scores) of Justice Department lawyers that clumped around Mr. Burger hit upon a happy thought: if the Justices wanted so badly to see the Peters file, perhaps they could at least be helped to see the material indexed under "P" in the files of the House Un-American Activities Committee. There had to be fast action, for the Court would almost certainly render a tentative, intramural decision at their next Saturday morning conference, and would soon start drafting opinions.

So, very soon thereafter, *US News* (which had been so hospitable to Mr. Brownell's argument for non-disclosure) was given the first fruits of disclosure. Somebody made a quiet suggestion, and *US News* reporters fell upon the House Committee's files like famished terriers. On May 10 emerged the issue dated May 13, and there was the long, blackening list of Dr. Peters' affiliations.

The Justice Department had thrown its last weight into the scales: it was hard to read that list without feeling that the Loyalty Review Board had acted reasonably. And if the reading public included some Justices who came to share that feeling, the scales might tip in favor of "necessity."

At this writing we do not know how the Court has decided, or, indeed, whether it will decide the constitutional issue at all (it may, just possibly, find some preliminary technical ground for decision). But however decided, we have seen the Peters case argued as much in the press as in the courtroom, and we have felt this irony: The government, committed to the principle of secrecy and non-disclosure, used disclosure as its final effort for a breakthrough. The citizen, seeking disclosure, was finally struck at his weakest point when his own record was disclosed. The curiosity of the Justices was tantalized by the side which had most to lose by satisfaction of that curiosity. An irony it is: and a lesson.

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What Denver Thinks of the UN

by Robert C. Good

SOME weeks ago, the US Senate came to Denver, Colorado. For six hours, three members of the Senate Subcommittee on the United Nations Charter listened to 57 citizens, representing groups ranging from the Vigilant Women for the Bricker Amendment to the United World Federalists, tell them what to do about the UN. And when it was all over, the three Senators, John Sparkman (D, Ala.), William Knowland (R, Calif.) and Mike Mansfield (D, Mont.), had the remarkable good grace to confess that they had found the sessions "both interesting and informative."

This was perhaps the more remarkable because the Subcommittee had visited numerous cities and listened to nearly 500 witnesses before coming to Colorado. The Bricker Women are just as Vigilant, the World Federalists just as United, in Des Moines and Louisville as they are in Denver. The question arises neither from cynicism nor malice but from an honest desire to know—the hearings were interesting in what way? Informative to what purpose?

The hearings have been informative and of interest for reasons which the Senators cannot publicly acknowledge. For if the Denver session is any guide, they have revealed that a profound and dangerous misunderstanding of the United Nations dominates the popular mind. At the heart of this misunderstanding is the assumption that the UN is now a form of limited world government, or can easily be transformed into one. Ironically, this illusion is shared by both opponents and advocates of the UN. The tragedy is that the UN is as much in danger of being loved to death by its misguided supporters as it is in danger of being hated to death by its irresponsible antagonists.

The anti-UN group is a coalition of the professional hater and the old-fashioned nationalist. Together they presented a formidable front in Denver; 30 percent of the witnesses represented this viewpoint.

The UN-hater is the "know-nothing" of the mid-Twentieth Century, is frequently the monger of distortion, the purveyor of sensational overstatement. His well-springs are several: social disaffection, personal resentment, religious fundamentalism, political anarchism. He is often morbidly suspicious, lacking in confidence.

Robert C. Good is a member of the staff of the Social Science Foundation at the University of Denver.

He understands the United Nations to be part of a "well-heeled plan to replace the Stars and Stripes with the banner of the poison ivy wreath." He is convinced the UN is a diabolical trap: "I believe that great statesman and patriot from the state of Indiana, Sen. William E. Jenner, put it quite aptly when he observed the UN Charter is a machine gun that looks like a baby carriage." He describes the Charter as a "covenant with death and hell" and warns with the prophet that "your covenant with death shall be annulled and your agreement with hell shall not stand." (*Isaiah* 28:18, to which, for the record, Senator Knowland added his own proof text, *II Corinthians* 6:14: "For what partnership have righteousness and iniquity? Or what fellowship has light with darkness?")

The stock-in-trade of the UN-hater is Communism, which he loathes, and the Bill of Rights, which he professes to love. The UN seeks the extension of Communism and the destruction of freedom.

The Rev. Kenneth Goff, disaffected lieutenant of Gerald L. K. Smith, frequent affiliate of those who rant against the "Jew-nited Nations," and currently Director of the "Soldiers of the Cross," was one of those who testified at the Denver hearings.

> GOFF: The World Government, which is the ultimate aim of the promoters of the United Nations, would certainly result in world Communism. It is much easier for the Communists to win control of one central world organization than to capture 72 separate governments.
>
> MRS. GOFF (in audience): Amen!
>
> GOFF: Through their efforts [UNESCO], may shortly transform our schools into laboratories for the systematic destruction of all "sense of national allegiance and loyalty" in the minds and hearts of our American school child.
>
> MRS. GOFF (in audience): Amen!

Mr. Harry H. Hoiles, vice-president of *Freedom Newspapers* and publisher of a paper in Colorado Springs, argued before the Subcommittee that the UN forcibly extracted tax money from him to print "Socialist UNESCO trash." "Is the UN a World Government? What force other than government makes people like me pay for publications like these? . . . My choice in the final analysis is to either pay for these publications or resist the force used to collect payments from me and be shot." Mr. Hoiles refers of course to the taxes he pays the US Government, a fraction of which, by vote of his democratically elected Congress, are appropriated to

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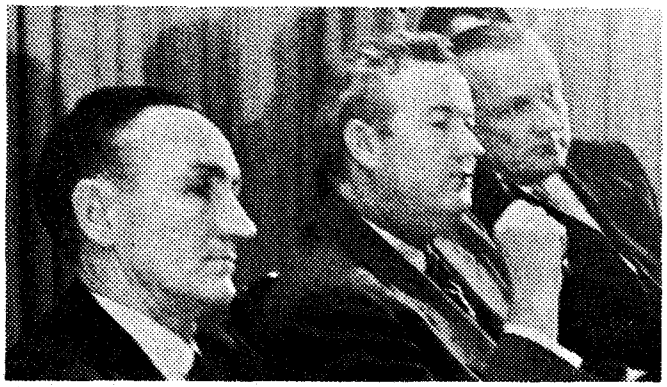

Senators Mike Mansfield, John Sparkman and William Knowland at Denver, Colorado

UNESCO. This sounds faintly as if Mr. Hoiles were advocating national sovereignty for Colorado Springs.

Mrs. Abbott Pond, Wyoming State Chairman of *For America, the US Flag Committee, We The People,* and *The Vigilant Women for the Bricker Amendment* (one can't resist the thought that in Wyoming there may be more "patriotic" organizations than there are members), wondered "why, in fact, we should sacrifice any of the attributes of national sovereignty in order that our beloved free America may be swallowed up in a giant maw of a world government and tyranny unknown in the recorded history of mankind."

Mr. Robert LeFevre, the same who last year led the assault on un-Americanism in the Girl Scout Handbook, wrapped up the political philosophy of the UN-haters as follows: "What is the United Nations? It is a union of various member governments. What are these governments? They are all instruments of force. . . . Force cannot be used to bring peace. The use of force not only leads to war, it is war." This is anarchism. LeFevre objects not simply to the United Nations, which in his view is World Government, but to *all* government. It is hardly surprising that the Congress of Freedom, for which LeFevre acts as Executive Director, not only has found the UN "deplorably and unforgivably shameful," but urges as well the repeal of the income tax!

The ultra-nationalists are a different genus, though probably of the same species, as the UN-haters. They do not advocate the withdrawal of the United States from the UN, nor do they so frequently represent the world organization as the symbol of evil. Their judgments are somewhat more restrained and their arguments considerably more rational. Yet, they are greatly exercised over the threat which the UN is purported to represent to "precious American sovereignty" and to the "free institutions" of the American way of life. Again, the foundation of their fears is the assumption that the UN, by design or inadvertence, is in imminent danger of becoming a world government.

The Veterans of Foreign Wars warned, during the Denver hearings, of "the danger of submitting our precious American sovereignty to the control of a community of nations, many of whom have political and economic philosophies directly opposed to our American way of life."

A "Vigilant Woman" reported that "the root of all uneasiness about the UN is the well-founded suspicion that the American people will have little or nothing to say about United States participation in the UN, but that they, powerless and unwilling, may be drawn into some sort of world government."

Senator Bricker's "Vigilant Women" maintain a close liaison with the Senator's office. The organization is devoting itself to the task of decontaminating the Charter by effectively "Brickerizing" it. Their efforts have resulted in a detailed blueprint titled "The American Plan for UN Charter Revision," first released at the Denver hearings.

Suggested amendments include striking the "fraudulent" phrase "We, the peoples of the United Nations," which smacks of world citizenship, and plugging the alleged loopholes in the domestic jurisdiction clause (Art. 2, paragraph 7). Additional changes are proposed which would allow the expulsion of members by majority vote, permit the withdrawal of member nations upon three months notice, cut loose all regional security pacts from UN jurisdiction, and repeal the powers of the Security Council to enforce peace (Articles 39 to 51 inclusive).

As the Vigilant Woman said to the Senators at Denver, "We will fight to the last bridge to see that no quarter-world, half-world or one-world government shall be put upon the American people unaware. . . . We know that the ultra-internationalists are reluctant to spell out in black and white their revolutionary proposals. They fear, and with good reason, the reaction of patriotic Americans." Or is it perhaps ". . . the *patriotism* of *reactionary* Americans"?

Be that as it may, the "ultra-internationalists" are not at all reluctant to spell out their proposals. Fully half of the witnesses at the Denver hearings wanted to strengthen the UN; some described how in considerable detail.

THE UN advocate is concerned less with the fact or fiction of national sovereignty than with the impending threat to national survival. He is afraid, not so much that we shall lose our traditional freedoms, but that we won't be here to enjoy them. "The whole situation," reported a labor leader, "can, perhaps, be summed up by the answer to the question, 'what are the three sizes of the atomic bomb?' The answer is, 'small, medium and where did everybody go?' "

The most vocal of the UN advocates hold that everybody will go to destruction or to world government. A publication of the Institute for International Order advises that "the basic machinery is there. We must oil it and polish it." But besides the oiling and polishing, there is, one would think, some tinkering as well.

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Mr. Charles Brannan, former Secretary of Agriculture and witness on behalf of Jim Patton's National Farmers Union, declared that the UN could be made powerful enough actually "to keep even a strong nation from starting a war." The oiling and polishing (and no little tinkering) which Mr. Brannan had in mind was as follows: the General Assembly "should be empowered to enact laws to enforce disarmament on all nations"; "the jurisdiction of the International Court and the application of International Law should be reconstituted as a Peace Enforcement Council . . . to carry out disarmament decisions and to recruit, train and command the United Nations inspection and police force. . . ." All of this, averred Mr. Brannan, is "feasible within the context of our time."

That this is nothing short of world government can hardly be questioned. Yet it is surprising the amount of confusion surrounding this matter. In November, 1946, the American Legion called for removal of the veto power as it pertains to aggression and preparation for aggression, disarmament under effective international inspection, and the establishment of an international police force leading to a true world-wide enforcement of law and order. The resolution then concludes with the surprising assertion that "the American Legion is opposed to any form of World Federation or World Government. . . ." Government is the centralization of effective authority. And this is precisely what those who seek a strengthened UN want—including, whether it knows it or not, the American Legion.

WHAT the Senators may usefully learn from the public hearings on Charter Review is that the great majority of UN advocates believe a "strengthened UN" is the best means to gain peace. This observation is confirmed by a Roper poll of September, 1953, which placed nearly 50 percent of the total population in this category. The opponents of the UN do not fare as well in the polls as they did at the Denver Subcommittee hearings. The Roper study just cited found only nine percent of the population in the isolationist camp.

One may take comfort in this fact only if he does not understand that the pro-UN majority is susceptible to the same illusion as is the anti-UN minority, that the UN is moving toward world government. The friend of the UN is separated from its enemy as fear is separated from hope.

It is true that the UN supporter who wants a strengthened UN understands a great deal about international life which the opponent of the UN does not. He knows that peace and order can never be assured on any reasonably predictable basis without the ability to impose power from a centralized authority—which is what we mean by government, "world" or otherwise. The veto in the UN measures the enormous gap between that organization as presently constituted and genuine government. The UN supporters also understand that our world is becoming increasingly interdependent, and that nations must co-operate with one another through international organizations, the UN included, if they are going to serve well the interests of their citizens.

BUT those who support the UN are endangering it because they insist it should be substantially strengthened, when in fact it cannot be. World government advocates deplore the fact, as did one at the Denver hearings, "that in the United Nations old-fashioned diplomacy and power politics may be wearing new clothes, but they are the same . . . underneath." Of course they are! The UN has no existence apart from the 60 nations which make it up; and therefore the conflicts between these nations in the world at large will also find expression within the UN. The world organization can provide a forum for discussing these conflicts, a means for mobilizing world opinion and *voluntary* action concerning them, and instruments to aid in accommodating competing views when competitors are so inclined. But it provides no alternative to conflict, nor indeed to power politics. Rather, the UN is a new arena in which states, and groups of states, pursue their political ends, restrained only by their pledge not to use violence.

All the more reason, argued the Dean of Colorado University's School of Law, "for expanding the UN's powers and facilities until it can in fact prevent military aggression and compel the peaceable settlement of international disputes." But by what Operation Bootstrap is the UN to pull itself above the conflicts of our times to arbitrate them? After all, the fact to take account of is not the veto, which now prevents effective action by the Security Council, but what it symbolizes—the underlying and deeply significant cleavage between the free world and Communism. This cleavage remains the *real* problem; the veto remains its expression in the UN.

"In these perilous days," declared Senator Wiley, "we go to the grassroots and find new calm and wisdom and judgment." Oratory apart, there was something in what he said. About 20 percent of the witnesses at the Denver hearing evaluated the important functions and limitations of the UN with sober clarity. (This figure, incidentally, accords exactly with Roper's national survey.) Typically the Denver and Colorado Councils of Churches testified:

> We believe it to be of the greatest importance to realize that the United Nations, as presently constituted, itself represents a unique and valuable contribution to the cause of peace and deserves our continuing support. It is a minimal bridge between the Soviet and non-Soviet worlds. It is a forum for the debate of issues which continue to divide men, and a rallying point for co-operation concerning issues upon which there is unity. It is an agency dedicated to pioneering the development of means for the mutual solution of mutual problems.

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BOOKS & COMMENT

Some Notes on Mortality

by Wallace Fowlie

TIME present draws into itself all of time past, or at least that part of time past which had first unfolded without rhyme or reason. The anecdotes of the past, the incidents, the coincidences, the painful experiences and the happy ones grow finally into themselves when they transcend time and enter upon some perspective of meaning. The reasons for keeping a journal or writing one's memoirs are doubtless very complex. Among the less reprehensible reasons is that which dictates to each of us the need to understand the past in terms of the partial but fuller light of the present.

My first evening in Paris collected about itself so many unpredictable occurrences that it was only much later, after other voyages to France, that I began seeing those occurrences as an exceptional initiation to the city. I was nineteen. It was a June day in 1928. The boat train reached St. Lazare late in the afternoon. The pension where I had reserved a room was in the rue Léopold-Robert, No. 3. Madame Yvet had met me at the door and shown me to my room. Dinner was served promptly at seven o'clock. We finished about eight. I immediately went down stairs into the street where it was still daylight. A few paces and I was on the Boulevard Montparnasse. I turned to the right and walked down the boulevard. I tried hard not to recognize and remember, but to feel free from the bits of information stored away in my mind. This effort collapsed when I saw, on the other side of the street, at a crossroads, the name "Closerie des Lilas" on a café.

Even manuals of French literature had referred to that Café. In two years I would be taking the general examination for the Bachelor's degree, and I had seen on examination papers of past years the name of Jean Moréas and his Ecole Romane which used to congregate at the Closerie des Lilas. This would be, appropriately, my first café experience, at the edge of the sidewalk. The arrival of the waiter caused me a momentary embarrassment. Offspring of puritanism and the prohibition era, I had not tasted alcohol in any form. As I asked for a lemonade, I scrutinized the features of the waiter, but he seemed unperturbed. By the time he returned with his tray, I had become increasingly aware of a large crowd of people on the other side of the square reaching to the entrance of what bore the name in glittering letters: *Bal Bullier*. The preparation of my fresh lemonade was performed meticulously on my table. The waiter cut the lemon, squeezed the two halves, added the sugar and water in accord with my directions. This gave me the chance to ask him the nature of the crowd which was by now reaching quite close to the Closerie des Lilas.

The explanation was given with a combined shrug of the shoulders and an intonation revealing some degree of respect. "Gorki is speaking tonight at the Bal Bullier." The words made me feel that I was sitting in the front row of the universe, of the world of letters, at least. Would every day in Paris be like this? But each moment the crowd grew larger and more restless. The policemen on horseback began to make their way through the crowd. On a return trip to my table the waiter reported that Gorki would not appear tonight and that the police were trying to disperse the crowd.

Then the fighting began, spasmodically at first but with rapidly increasing signs of realism. I held fast to my seat in the outer ring of the Closerie des Lilas until one man was knocked down on the sidewalk at my very feet. The blood flowed from his head. His companion grabbed my lemon from the table and hurled it at the mounted policeman. This gesture seemed unreasonably close and I decided to disappear. If war had begun—I was ready to believe almost anything at that moment—it was too early in my life and particularly too early in my first trip to Paris, to participate. I made for the inside of the café. The waiters were clustered around the doorway. Only when some of them saw me going down the stairway into what I supposed was the kitchen or the storeroom, did they call after me. I was disobeying ordinary rules for the clients. Never since have I demonstrated comparable courage in opposing French laws, but ignorance guided me that first evening and the fear that I would not see Paris, after all.

I compromised with the waiters, and paused half way down the stairs. There I was out of the firing range. In a very few minutes the storm abated and I emerged when the tables and chairs were being straightened out, the new orders being given, and the people dispersing. It had been a quick war, but very real to the novice American. The next morning I read the accounts in a few of the newspapers of the Bal Bullier disturbance. The words used to describe the uprising were *bagarre* and *rixe*, which were new to me. They have always been associated for me thereafter with my first evening in Paris, with the Closerie des Lilas where I held my own against four or five waiters, and with the Bal Bullier which no longer exists.

IN America we are accustomed to the disappearance of buildings and of people. Style and efficiency dictate the need to tear down buildings and replace them. We change apartments almost as easily as we change cities. Friends, too, disappear because they move to new apartments and to other cities. But fatally this ceaseless moving about brings us back again to old friends on whose faces and on whose bodies the passing years have left signs. We measure time then, just a bit, and wonder why certain places where we have lived briefly, are difficult to recall.

On my visits to France which preceded 1940, I had always been struck by the permanence of addresses, by the faces of friends who did not grow old because they continued to live in the same apartment. Their features did not change, nor did their habits. We resumed our conversation where it had been interrupted a year or two years previously. France is a country of remarkable continuities in friendship, art, politics, literature. The passage of time is more subtle there, because it is constantly being converted into just its opposite.

Once, ten years intervened between

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voyages because of the war: 1939 to 1948. I knew this time there would be changes. On my arrival, in August, 1948, I chose a hotel in the Saint Germain section rather than Montparnasse in order to encourage myself to accept the changes. During the first days in the Hôtel Paris-Dinard, on the rue Cassette, I refrained from communicating with old friends, in order to look first at the city. But nothing had changed, nothing except the most superficial things, such as the rationing of bread. Each afternoon I moved closer to the old haunts of Montparnasse, and gradually I realized everything was in its old place: the cafés, the streets, the book stores. Would the people be in their same places, those with whom I had not corresponded during the war years? Was Mme. Yvet still living and running the *pension de famille* at No. 3, rue Léopold Robert? One evening I decided to take dinner at the restaurant "chez Henriette," next door to the *pension*. I had eaten there often before the war. At No. 3 the sign of the *pension* had been taken down from the front door. Inside the restaurant I instantly recognized the two waitresses who had always been there. They both greeted me, but so perfunctorily that I felt almost forgotten. When, in giving my order, I reminded them that I hadn't been in the restaurant for ten years, they refused to believe me and pointed out the table where I used to eat. When the expostulations subsided, I asked in as casual a tone as I could assume, whether they knew anything about Mme. Yvet next door. They did know. Mme. Yvet was dead! She had died in her *pension,* alone, the winter after the Liberation. And she had died from the excessive cold of that winter.

THE war had brought changes after all. Mme. Yvet was the first French woman in Paris to whom I had spoken. She had welcomed me to Paris and she had helped to introduce me to her city in countless ways. Her death marked for me the beginning of a new era when I was no longer a student, but a grown man who had assumed the strange responsibility of trying to explain to younger Americans the meaning of French literature and civilization. We live by the concordance between the visible and the invisible. A teacher's vocation is similar to all other vocations in this sense of the constant need all men feel to effect some harmony between the city politic and the heavenly city. But the teacher, like the priest, is called upon to dare more in the explicitness of his language, in his daily familiarity of allusion. He is able, even today, to call the divine right and the human right by their ancient names of sacerdotal and royal. He can explain at least to himself that the government of the body is given over to the princes of the world, no matter how they are called, and that the government of the conscience is allocated to the clergy. His is a dual composite function reminiscent of the ruler and the priest. No matter what he teaches, he is constantly returning to the fundamental lesson which is always couched in the form of a question: is the anatomy of the spirit patterned on the anatomy of the body?

Hamlet called this flesh of ours "too solid." He probably looked upon the body as a contemporary of Dante's world who described it as formed by the four elements: fire, air, water, earth. We are indeed the microcosm. The planets are in us, giving order to the organs of our body. Our head, as the medieval man was taught, is as round as the heavens, and its seven openings correspond to the seven notes of the scale and the seven days of *Genesis.*

Since the Middle Ages, all great art reveals nostalgia for the sense of order we associate with the medieval world. At that time, a monarch could be elaborately compared to the sun. Over and over again in his tragedies, Shakespeare uses this analogy. It is curious that the phrase "wondrous architecture of the world" was spoken at a moment in history when the very destruction of the world was begun and when, especially, the destruction of such a concept of the world was initiated. It was spoken at the time of Copernicus and despite his lesson that the earth was not the immobile center of the universe but that it was a body, like others, revolving around the sun. The destruction of the world and the destruction of such a concept of the world progressed much farther in our day, and we turn back to Dante's world and to Hamlet's in order to study the miraculously fortuitous events of life which give us a sense of order. Ridiculous events, comical, at times, and yet stupefyingly ordered. We discover this in the events even in our own life, and even when we remember Hamlet's phrase, "This goodly frame, the earth, seems to me a sterile promontory."

On my first visit to Rome, late January, 1954, I spent my first free morning at St. Peter's. I began the tour of the nave on the left and came almost immediately to a side altar under which a glass casket exposed the full-length figure of a pope. The mummified shape, in full papal vestments, was brightly illuminated, and a few people were praying in front of it. On the prie-dieu I saw the name Pius X and wondered if this was the pope announced for canonization in June. I asked one of the devout if it was the body of Pius X. The woman replied evasively and said she thought is was Pius V! During the course of the morning I met no one, with sufficient authority, to question about this fact. The problem was relegated to the back of my mind as something to solve when the opportunity came.

THE last city of my Italian trip was Genoa. I boarded the Paris train in the early evening. The second class compartment where I found a seat was crowded. Near the frontier, a group of *carabinieri*, on passport duty, expelled us all from the compartment, which, it seems, had been reserved for their use. When their check-up was done, about midnight, one of them passed me in the corridor and told me they were getting off the train and I could have the compartment back. I returned to it, gratefully, and found it empty, save for my bags. I stretched out on one of the benches in unusual luxury for second class accommodations. At that instant, the door was pushed open and the tall figure of a priest stood there. He asked me in French if I were alone. I said "yes" and he immediately took possession of the bench opposite mine. I sat up, to be polite for a while at least, and we engaged in conversation. He was a young intelligent Frenchman, a missionary priest assigned to Madagascar, who had been studying in Rome.

It occurred to me early in our conversation that this priest could answer my question about the pope in the glass coffin. I described the position of the coffin in St. Peters and asked him if it was Pius X.

"It most certainly is," he replied, "the pope who is to be canonized this year. In fact I have a part of him in my briefcase."

He pointed to the rack over his head and I looked up almost expecting to see

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TRIBUTES

to Murray Kempton's brilliant new book

A letter from Elmer Davis. "Dear Mr. Kempton — I think you have performed a public service in writing *Part of Our Time*. You have demonstrated in detail that the Communist 'danger' in the thirties was not much of a danger. You may, and doubtless do, expect that you will be attacked by the politicians, and the ex-Communists, who maintain that it not only was but still is — naturally, since it is their principal meal ticket. But the facts are on your side."
—Elmer Davis

"Easily the best essay on American Communism and Communists that anyone has done, and it should rank high in the broader category of books about American life and politics. A striking piece of work."
—Richard Rovere, THE NEW YORKER

"Fascinating. Kempton makes this recent ancient history come alive as no other historian has done. His approach to the complexities of character is superb. A real contribution to our knowledge as social and political history." *—Reinhold Niebuhr*

"A sharpness of insight, a vividness of compassion and a brilliance of style make *Part of Our Time* not only a remarkable study in cultural history but a distinguished literary performance. This is the book about the thirties for which some of us have been waiting a long time."
—Arthur Schlesinger, Jr.

PART OF OUR TIME
by MURRAY KEMPTON
$4.00 at all bookstores
Simon and Schuster

some unusual object. He went on to explain that he had a particular devotion to Pius X and that he had asked for a relic of the pope for a new altar that was to be consecrated on his return to Madagascar. With great pride, he showed me the relic. He unfolded a white paper which bore in Latin the certification of the authenticity of the relic. Inside was a glass-covered pyx in the center of which was a brown speck. I asked if it was a chip from a bone, but he said it was a speck of flesh.

"C'est très bien organisé," I remember his saying. "You can have a relic of almost every saint after the sixteenth century."

Later when we turned off the light and stretched out on our respective benches, I reflected on the incongruousness of travelling in a second-class compartment with a relic of Pius X carelessly placed in a briefcase on a rack over my head. Some of the thoughts I had had when I looked at the pope in his glass case, returned to me then in the train between Genoa and Paris. They were thoughts about the fate of man, thoughts which mingled doubt and awe, thoughts which, had they been cast in a firmer language, would have resembled Hamlet's and Montaigne's. I recalled especially a sentence of Montaigne, which has always struck me as being one of his most terrifying: "Nous sommes chrétiens à même titre que nous sommes Périgourdins ou Allemands." When I first read this sentence as an undergraduate at Harvard, I underscored it and wrote a marginal note of approval. But through the years I have come to realize its deeper implications, its reasoned message which denies all Revelation in the Christian sense. It came to my mind as I stood in St. Peter's before the body of Pius X, and it came to my mind again as I travelled with the relic of Pius X in the night train, and it represented on those two occasions the kind of sentence which terrified me because it seemed to refute in a few words centuries of Christian anthropomorphic belief in man and to revive again the conscience of Prince Hamlet, "What is this quintessence of dust?"

In another sentence of Montaigne, he contrasts the fragility of man's mortal nature with the power of his imagination by which he places the heavens themselves under his feet. Is presumption the basis of all our systems, our sentiments, our science and religion, our values and customs? So many things crumbled for me when I first read the *Apologie pour Raymond Sebond!* No idea was left intact after that ruthless analysis of the weakness of everything. Hamlet was indeed the first victim of Montaigne's *Que sais-je?* But the victim was still able to utter such magnificent cries as "What a piece of work is man?" Hamlet was even steadied by the alternation or the simultaneity of ideas in their bewildering diversity. Through the centuries, the accumulation of ideas for a Hamlet and for a Montaigne has become for modern man the multiplicity of tastes. The leading characters of Proust's novel, for example, are unable to define the real or the dominant taste in the abundant choice of tastes which their complicated personalities have developed and nurtured.

Literature, I must remember, is not concerned with the revelation of absolute truths. Fictional characters, even those before Proust's, know the intermittences of the heart, the stagnating quality of habits, the absorption with dreams of the past. *Hamlet,* at the birth of what we are pleased to call the modern era, is a work in which everything is destroyed or denied or damned. Little wonder that in my own insignificant personal experiences, such as the manifestation before the Bal Bullier, and the way in which I learned of Mme. Yvet's death, and my train trip in company with a relic of a deceased pope and saint, I can never see a full portrait of man such as that offered by *Hamlet.* In that single work, man faces the cosmos and our changing knowledge of the cosmos which science relates to us. He faces his own conscience with as much courage as a Montaigne and a contemporary psychoanalyst. He faces the complex structure of society and reenacts the most ancient and the most significant of all myths: the son's succession to the father.

Notes on the Contributors

WALLACE FOWLIE teaches at Bennington College and is the author of *Rimbaud, Clowns and Angels.* JOHN HURKAN, a former contributor to *Politics* and the *New Directions annuals,* is now at work on a psychological study of Marxism. LOIS M. RETTIE taught elementary grades for fifteen years in public and private schools.

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Freud and the Sense of the Tragic

by John Hurkan

THERE is much intriguing biographical and historical information in this account by an American doctor of a brief training analysis with Freud in 1934. The author, Joseph Wortis, has also written a sympathetic study of Soviet psychiatry and subscribes to the orthodox Marxist perspectives, if perhaps not necessarily nor in every particular to the dominant Marxist party of our time. In the present book we have the story of a depressingly complete failure upon the part of Freud to alter the course of the rigid but bright and conscientious young Marxist psychiatrist who came to him willingly to admit that nevertheless he was troubled by "unpleasant introspective thoughts . . . a certain depressive tone and accompanying tensions" and other matters frankly bowdlerized from the record, but leaving "plentiful material for fanciful elaboration for those who like that sort of thing."

Fragments of an Analysis with Freud, by Joseph Wortis (Simon and Schuster; $3).

Though "skeptical of the dogmas and claims of the psychoanalysts" when he was sent to Europe on a research grant to study sex psychology, Wortis decided that he wished "to acquire the *techniques*" of psychoanalysis for use as his social conscience saw fit, and so he went to Freud, who agreed to take him on.

> "I prefer a student ten times more than neurotic," he concluded with a disparaging gesture and a laugh. He rose and gave me his hand, held stiffly and bent in strangely at the wrist; whether this was a surgical contracture or a mannerism, I did not know. I left.

The father of psychoanalysis proved to be disconcertingly unamiable about any actual or prospective delay in the payment of his stiff fees, possibly due as much to previous experience as to unusual business acumen, but this trait did nothing to help along the development of a transference. In fact, Freud and his new student were fundamentally out of sympathy and were destined to remain so throughout.

From this account and those of others, Freud would seem to have been rather poor at actual therapy—being perhaps understandably more concerned with the development and installation of his colossal ideas than in actually helping the personality before him. At any rate, this particular analysis, as described by Wortis, seems badly conducted, and Wortis is not without justification for the unexpressed resentment which sharpens his eye for the personal quirks of his analyst. Wortis himself had a stubborn, if not profound mind and Freud discovered to his surprise and disturbance that with this patient it was not the routine problem of reducing emotional resistance to understanding, but rather the reverse: something for which Freud's perspective had not prepared him. In a sense, the patient had surpassed him at rationalist stoicism, at the cost of all sensitivity, complexity and conscience—of any sense of the tragic. For stoicism carried beyond a certain point results in simple numbness or indifference. (One is struck here by the reflection that the general contrast between Freud's original "Central Committee" and our current psychoanalytic ideocracy curiously resembles the relationship which existed, as Koestler and others have described it, between the Old Bolsheviks and those who succeeded them.)

Freud himself obviously felt the analysis as an affliction: he several times tried to break it off. On the one hand because it was useless, on the other because Wortis was, Freud said, without enthusiasm, more or less

> "normal . . . you have made everything you said up to now so clear that it has not interested me." I did not quite understand what he meant, but went on to the end of the hour, then shook hands twice and left.

Later Freud remarked that Wortis was not really interested in what he (Wortis) was saying, but only kept speaking of "clear, superficial things." That is, Freud seemed to consider that Wortis was already sufficiently rationalized and instinctually resigned, and

A Plea for Alias

COLERIDGE, they say, lived in fantasy.
Under the name of Silas Tomkyn Comberbeck
He enlisted in a regiment of dragoons.
I too like alias, a slash of shortcutting.
Bird of Paradise for Strelytzia—*Romanticism*—
Quail for Colinus Virginianus—*Classicism*—
Alias I regard as a form of upper air;
When you live in the air of alias
Names fly free from their skins
Like mail to the dead letter box.
Alias of course has electric errors.
Once I knew a patriot who called his daughter
University of Texas—*Naturalism*—
U.T. we called her for short hand,
Universal Tribulation said a secret friend.
Seldom do we find the right alias;
Young as Huck Finn we stuck our gum on
Theatre seats where W. C. Fields played
Cuthbert J. Twilly or Larson E. Whipsnade.
But the quick grass of alias still grows in the
Upper air if you strain your eye—
Alias transmuting the common metals of life,
Beating up elixirs, the golden alchemist.

JAMES SCHEVILL

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therefore since there was no conflict between him and the super-ego (or society) he lacked color or interest. "You have found your contentment by the same processes which occur in psychoanalysis, by consolidation and adjustment." Then were not congratulations in order? But Freud breaks out with spontaneous distaste into the middle of his patient's discourse upon social problems, "You talk of this and that, about money and abstract questions, because you are not really interested in yourself —you have no curiosity."

For such a patient, too strongly inhibited and resigned to care about himself, it was hard to care; and Freud, relatively lacking in compassion in comparison with his powerful insight, was perhaps too old and ill (he was then suffering from the mouth cancer which was to bring about his death) to make the effort. And in any case he would have required new formulations of what health was, leading to second thoughts about the meaning and future of science and psychoanalysis, as well as the new therapeutic tools which have become available only in recent years with the emergence of the Gestalt school, the basic text of which is "Gestalt Therapy" by Drs. F. Perls, Paul Goodman, R. Heffernine (in my opinion, in relation to our present crisis, the most important intellectual work extant). Wortis represented an insoluble problem to Freud, and one which aroused his abhorrence, for here was being destroyed the one remaining thing Freud had not renounced, namely the conviction (also that of the artist) of the worth of the tragic sensibility, which he saw now being replaced in his science with empty pseudo-affirmations.

But Wortis at that time still had his life before him, the issue had perhaps not been decided yet. He was attempting to free himself, if he could, and we witness a terrible personal and historic tragedy, all the more moving for the iron professional discipline of both parties. Repeatedly Wortis assures Freud, "I do the best I can." Again and again, with controlled, half-conscious desperation, Wortis appeals for some sign of love, only to be directly rebuffed or evaded with dry correct civilities. Nearly every session he makes some attempt to explain this need to Freud, sometimes directly, sometimes in the guise of Marxist criticism of Freud's ideas. This led to some sharp exchanges between them, and some ridicule of Wortis by Freud. Later Freud would assure his patient that nothing personal had been intended. Wortis replied, "It was not so much the criticisms I minded, as the feeling I was not liked." And he recalls, "The dreams I had to report were concerned with my disappointment or sorrow at the loss of love in one form or another, which I related—correctly, said Freud—to our little unpleasant experience. I was then at a loss how to go on. . . ." In fact, the analysis could not go on, for in the absence of faith or love, the requisite emotional release to freedom and health could not take place. Wortis tried to go on talking of "the various painful thoughts I had ever had; various conscience-pangs, self-reproaches and anxieties, though none of them seemed any longer of real consequence. I don't know if Freud grew more interested. I tried hard to think of the real problems I had." But Freud remained unresponsive on the crucial issue; when later in a theoretical discussion Wortis spoke rather wistfully of the transference phenomenon, "the feeling of sympathy is certainly very helpful," Freud reacted sharply and not without perhaps unconscious cruelty:

> No. I am glad you brought the question up, because I can clear up the misunderstanding: the positive transference is not part of psychoanalytic therapy. . . . The psychoanalytic cure consists in bringing unconscious material to consciousness; to this end the positive transference is used, but only as a means to an end, not for its own sake.

So Wortis is driven back into sterile, therapeutically pointless theoretical controversy with Freud; now and then the ageing master would recollect himself and criticize Wortis for just this tendency, threatening to break off the analysis. Wortis would protest, "I do the best I can, but I always half expect you to throw me out." He was continually being reminded of Freud's dislike of him, by invidious remarks that were sometimes neither kind nor true, perhaps because of Freud's consciousness of and irritation at his own therapeutic impotence. Wortis' hopes slowly faded. " 'At any rate you see', " he remarks sadly, " 'the positive transference makes me wish you to have a good opinion of me'. My good spirits were by this time gone."

The analysis described was important for the history of psychiatry, for Wortis came back from Europe not as a psychoanalyst, nor as a sex-psychologist, but in order to introduce shock therapy into America. And it has implications even beyond this, which can only be hinted at in this space. What Freud valued and did not find in Wortis, the tragic sensibility, is exactly the quality which is fast disappearing from life, not inconsiderably because of the development of psychoanalysis itself. Insensibility may be, as Freud ironically told Wortis, "enviable" yet there was something wrong, something which lay outside the scope of rationality. He conceded to Wortis that, psychoanalytically assessed, he was healthy, but "healthiness simply means that a person gets on well, it does not mean that a person is particularly worthy." But if the locus of worth was somewhere outside this getting on, this health and rationality, he could not say where it was. It was a purely personal judgment, not a judgment of psychoanalytic science. As later history shows, Freud's "socially" orientated followers were at some pains to strip this sense of the tragic from his work, since they themselves were not of a depth to feel or tolerate it. The terrible loss of contact with and indifference to the individual, the authentic emotional situation and its replacement by abstract and "wholesome" pseudo-affirmations began with the early scientists and philosophers and has become a world epidemic, finding its ultimate expression in the Communist Party. The Party's psychological and philosophical essence is the principled destruction of all that which does not or cannot conform with the Marxist hallucination. If sensations of anguish and despair persist—where in Communist theory they ought no longer to exist—they give rise to obnoxious doubts about the value or meaning of the rational faculty itself, and cannot be tolerated. (I believe that Kierkegaard's insights into the despair underlying all rational functioning will eventually emerge as a more profound analysis than Freud's.)

It cannot be overemphasized that this is not a process peculiar to the Communist Party, but is going on also in the West. Many of our best minds are now sounding the alarm in this respect, at the unfathomable seepage of all ex-

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citement, meaning and potency from so many of our long-cherished values, many of which have become little more than hollow shells. (For example Lewis Mumford's excellent articles in *New Republic* last year.) These hollow shells are the abstractions, the shadows of the spontaneous hopes and feelings we once had. We thought—perhaps before the war, perhaps before the atomic bomb, perhaps before the fall of China—that these, our true desires, or true selves would sometime emerge from the pursuit of science, industrialization, learning, social organization. But we are beginning to realize that the rationalist armies are inhibitors, not liberators—which "free" only in the abstract, and not in the reality which we perceive with the heart. What we really wanted lies incomprehensibly far back, realized now and then as in the pang of a remembered lost love or hope, for which we then recognize, in our modern world, there is no place.

Freud once remarked that in rationalist civilization, sexuality impressed him as a dying function. Whether this is so or not, a great many simply human values seem to be fading from our world, and among these, the most concernful to the present writer is that of art. The swift devaluation of art that has taken place in the last two decades has been in direct proportion to the extent to which art has become proper material for dissection and commentary, rather than for excitement (even love!). This "Age of Criticism" conceals a growing emotional indifference to art itself; we no longer allow it to excite us, since we have rationally understood that there is no place for creative excitement in the councils of the world—and therefore, in this respect (in the final analysis, it is the only respect) art has ceased to have any meaning.

Art is functionally a kind of appeal —one cannot create or experience it unless one is willing to really care—and if this appeal is not answered (as it was not for Wortis), it sooner or later ceases to be made. Then the tragic sensibility ceases to exist, in art or life. The closest the contemporary personality can come to the tragic is the full realization of his own indifference to the rationally conceived purposes of life. But even this is unfortunately not the end of the rationalist road—as recent existentialist developments warn us; a little further along there stands waiting the Communist Party, ready to eliminate the remnants of conscience in us all.

The Devil, According to Flesch

by Lois M. Rettie

HERE comes Dr. Rudolph Flesch again. Following up a rapid-fire publication of five or six books for the edification of professional writers and sundry thinkers, he has now gone hunting for a new audience. This last book, *Why Johnny Can't Read*, is written for the "anxious parent" market.

A certain twelve-year-old "Johnny" known to Dr. Flesch had been having some trouble with sixth-grade reading.

Why Johnny Can't Read, by Rudolph Flesch (Harper's; $3).

Flesch came to the rescue by giving Johnny an unspecified amount of tutoring. That tutoring stimulated the Doctor to make some sort of investigation of methods used throughout the United States for teaching children how to read. Reporting on that inquiry, Dr. Flesch writes:

> What I found was absolutely fantastic. The teaching of reading—all over the United States, in all schools, in all textbooks—is absolutely wrong and flies in the face of all logic and common sense.

Now, what is all the shouting about? It boils down to a simple matter: children are being taught to acquire a modest sight-reading vocabulary *before* they are taught to make use of phonics. Flesch knows (and admits that he knows) that phonetic analysis is used extensively in most of our schools, *after* the child has developed his basic sight-reading vocabulary.

If Rudolph Flesch were not a master in the art of controversy, he would be hard put to make so little substance sustain so much fury through 134 pages.

The counsel offered by Flesch is stated quite plainly as follows:

> My advice is, teach your child yourself how to read—at the age of five. . . . You want your child to be taught reading; instead, the schools teach word guessing. So why not do the job yourself? You paint your living room, you lay tiles in your kitchen floor, you do dozens of things that used to be left to professional experts? Surely you can do a simple job like that.

But the methods Flesch insists upon have been weighed in the balance of classroom experience and found wanting. There was a period when American educators did have extravagant confidence in phonics as the first tool to use in teaching of reading. Since then, experience has taught us to temper those ideas, and to delay the use of phonics to a later stage in the learning-to-read process. Further information on how reading is actually taught and of the important use that is made of phonics is readily available to any parent who will make the effort to look at the standard teacher's guides now being used and observe what happens in the classroom.

Brief reflection upon some of the bold statements made in *Why Johnny Can't Read* should make almost any parent a bit wary. Here are just a few:

> Do you know that the teaching of reading never was a problem anywhere in the world until the United States switched to the present method around 1925?
>
> We too could have perfect readers in all schools at the end of second grade if we taught our children by the system used in Germany.
>
> In every research study ever made phonics was shown to be superior to the word method; conversely, there is not a single research study that shows the word method superior to phonics.

All three of these bold assertions are formidable nonsense. The teaching of reading has never been without problems in any country or in any language. Perfection in reading for every child has never been attainable at the end of the second grade. There are scores of research studies that reveal the weaknesses of the all-out phonics system forced upon children who are not ready to make use of it.

If the reader of these comments wants to do a small experiment with himself, Dr. Flesch has provided the tools with which to do it.

Go back and carefully time yourself while you read at your normal speed the three excerpts from *Why Johnny Can't Read* quoted above.

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Now, shed from your mind—insofar as you can—the sight-reading ability that you have acquired over the years. Try, as well as you can, to put yourself in the position of a young child who has to find out what words are by phonics. You can get some conception of that child's real difficulties by reading as rapidly and as intelligently as you can, the following. Time yourself while you do it.

> My boddy I doe bequeathe to the yerthe, to be burryead in St. Tellyns in the parrishe that I doo now dwele in, in soche wysse as seame good by the discreassione of my welbeloved wyffe my sole executrixe.
>
> And I geve and bequeathe to my welbeloved wiffe the lady Ann Gresham, towardes the payments of my deates and for the perfformans of this my last wil, all my hoole goodes, as reddy monny, playte, jeuellis, chaynes of golde, with all my stocke of shepe and other caatayle that I have wythe in the realme of Inglonde.

Tough going, isn't it? Why did you do so much stumbling on phonetically-spelled words? Would it be helpful to know that you have read from the last will and testament for Sir Thomas Gresham?

What Flesch meant to prove by quoting Gresham is questionable. What the quotation does prove is that any reader who is compelled to depend upon phonics to unravel the meaning of one word after another is terribly handicapped. That fact became clear to educators more than thirty years ago. Phonics still has a very important place in the teaching of reading, but we have learned to use it as a cane to help us over the rough spots—not as a crutch to support us in every step we make.

Flesch reports a visit he made to a certain Chicago school in which first-grade children were being taught to read phonetically. He was amazed to find that those children could *read* sentences from the newspaper!

> I testify to it that those children read what was in the paper. They were perfectly able to pronounce words they had never seen before according to reasonable phonetic principles. The child, for instance, who read the item about ex-King Farouk, pronounced the *ou* in Farouk as in *house.* Another child, who read the headline REPORTS PROGRESS IN TREATMENT OF ATOMIC SICKNESS, pronounced the word *atomic* correctly, but put the accent on the first syllable. Needless to say, that six-year-old hadn't the slightest idea what the word meant. How could he? My point is that after six months in school he could read the word off the page.

Here Flesch exposes his utter failure to understand the difference between *reading* in the true sense, which does involve an understanding of what the words mean, and the uttering of a mere sequence of sounds that has no meaning for the child. If the child had no conception of what the word *atomic* meant, he did no more than to utter the sounds that Flesch wanted to hear.

A long-forgotten bit of cynical advice passed around by children who went through the painful and pointless routine of "sounding out" words they couldn't know the meaning of went like this: "When you come to a word you don't know, call it *Moses* and go on!"

It would be quite interesting to know the hard, cold facts about this twelve-year-old Johnny who was tutored by Dr. Flesch. Was there actually such a boy, or is this "Johnny" a literary device used to put the book across?

If there was a real, live Johnny who made his way to the sixth grade without learning how to read, what was the basic cause of his reading problem? What are the honest-to-goodness results of the tutoring he got from Dr. Flesch? Had Johnny reached that stage of physical and mental maturity where any kind of individual tutoring would have shown rapid results? Has Johnny been tested by any competent person or agency capable of making an objective appraisal of the results of the tutoring?

Has Dr. Flesch confirmed the validity of his recommendations by actually teaching, not one twelve-year-old, but thirty-five or more six-year-olds to be good readers in the time and under the conditions every primary teacher has to do the job?

The best that can be said about *Why Johnny Can't Read* is that those few parents, who may take the Flesch advice literally and try to use the book as a reading instruction manual, will soon find it no good for that purpose. The 88-page section of word lists contain many abstract words that are beyond the ken of young children. The classic remark attributed to Macaulay at the age of four ("Thank you, madam, my agony is abated") is no more absurd than many of the words Flesch would have you pound into the head of your five-year-old—words like *gorgeous, marvelous* and *enormous*, to pick just three from one page of his exercises.

The unfortunate feature of this Flesch book is that it is full of extremely dogmatic and unfounded criticism of our schools. It sows the seeds of unjustified distrust in the minds of parents who, for any reason good or poor, are worried about their child's reading. This book provides no real help in such cases. All it does is to provide a handy club for angry and misguided denunciation of the schools. *Why Johnny Can't Read* is likely to prove to be a piece of unintended mischief.

In the Birdhouse

FURIOUS birds scream for the tropic sun,
Here in this birdhouse, dream, dream in their cries,
Dream of the jungles they have never seen.
Forever captives, yet they know the skies
Meant for their wings; their savage bodies rise
In ancient rhythms they have learned from night;
Deep in their veins the rushing river sighs,
The sudden dawn erupts in orange light.
Mad birds can dream, and dreams will serve as sight,
Wish is for them a witness and a truth;
The trees are there, the heavens in their height,
No cage deludes them for their will is South.
What dreaming birds foretell no man will see
Until he wakes to dream their mystery.

CECIL HEMLEY

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A COMMUNICATION

► Do the Democrats Like Ike?

SIRS:

Robert L. Riggs in the May 30th issue of *New Republic* ("The Democrats Like Ike") raises some fascinating questions. The implications of the article seemed to be that we Democrats like Ike, that this proves that we're behaving more like conservatives than Fair Dealers and, of course, that that's bad. The voting statistics on which Mr. Riggs based his comments came from *Congressional Quarterly*.

CQ's analysis showed that on "40 significant roll calls since January," the Republicans in Congress had supported the President 64 percent of the time, the Democrats, 57 percent; and that on "18 tests involving the nation's relations with other countries," foreign-policy issues alone, the Democrats had a percentage of 69 and the Republicans only 52 percent.

Now this Democrat thinks that Dwight D. Eisenhower is proving himself to be one of our weakest Presidents, that he does not work at the job of Chief Executive hard enough, and that he has permitted his Administration to fall into the hands of a group of men who are convinced that big business alone knows best what's good for the country. What's more, I say these things publicly and often in my district. So while I may like the well-intentioned man with his simple sincerity, I do not like the President, with his Nixon and his millionaire's Cabinet. Also, when many liberals were running away from Harry Truman (some of them to Ike), I was still publicly proclaiming that I was a Fair Dealer.

Now here is the catch. According to *Congressional Quarterly* I supported Ike more often on all issues than not only the Democrats as a whole, but also more often than the Republicans as a whole. I had a score of 74 percent pro-Ike on all issues and on foreign policy, no mere 69 percenter I, but a fat round 100 percenter.

Now what does that make me—more conservative than the average Democrat in Congress, more fond of Ike than the average Democrat or even Republican?

Or could it possibly be that I'm still voting largely for the same, well-tested program of the Democratic New Deal and Fair Deal which, although watered down by the Republican Administration, is still the best of the choices I have when I cast my votes?

That the country needs a vastly better program at home and abroad is unquestionable, but that a narrowly divided Congress facing a big business Administration can do much about it is not even good fiction. It takes votes to pass legislation. To get more "good votes" we either must have miraculous conversions of individual Congressmen or changes resulting from political elections. Despite the tendency of some to base their political strategies on the hope of miracles, I prefer to put my hopes in the next election.

Mr. Eisenhower has stolen a good deal of the New Deal and the Fair Deal. He has done it *in spite of* the opposition of a large element in his own Party. That element is stuck with the program, because it's stuck with Eisenhower. It can't win elections without him, and it may not win—again—even with him. And the liberal Democrats are likewise stuck, because they do not have the political strength in Congress to move beyond the New and Fair Deals. These are the facts. The liberal cause will advance in 1956 in direct proportion to the understanding in the country of what is really going on in Washington, and particularly in Congress.

I am not suggesting that an independent Journal such as the *New Republic* should worship the Democratic Party as a sacred cow. Nor do I mean to imply, if I may paraphrase, that it ill behooves one who has supped at the Democrats' table for these many years to curse with equal fervor and fine impartiality both the Democrats and their adversaries when they become locked in deadly embrace. But I do say that cracks at the Democrats which don't fit the facts hardly increase public understanding or help the liberal cause, now or in 1956.

REPRESENTATIVE RICHARD BOLLING
Washington, D. C.

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NEW REPUBLIC
1826 Jefferson Pl. N.W., Wash. 6, D. C.

PRINTED BY NATIONAL PUBLISHING CO., 301 N ST., N. E., WASHINGTON 2, D. C.

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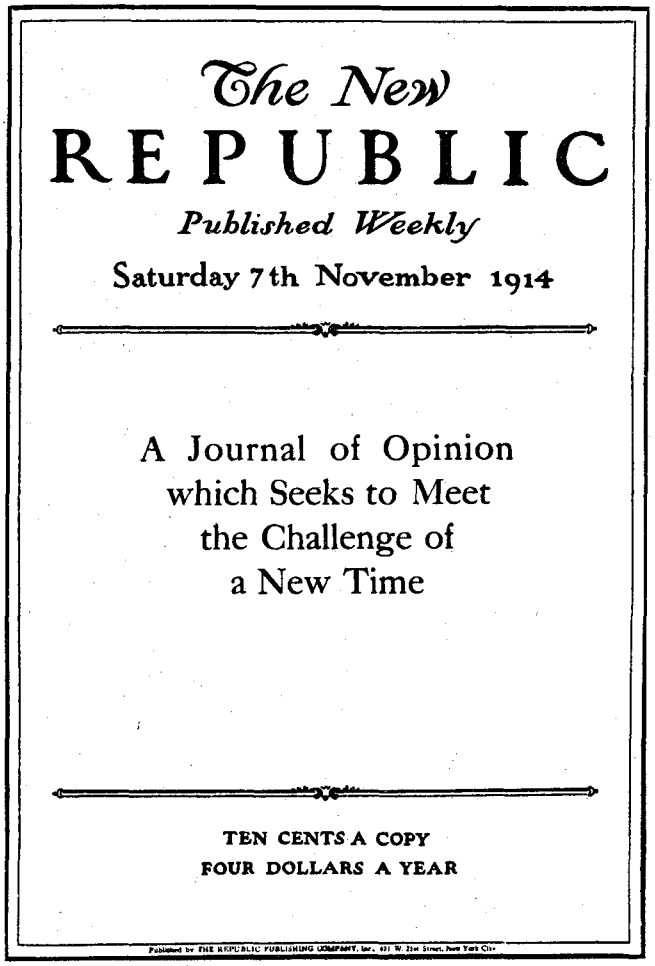

1914—*World War*

1919—*Abandonment of the League of Nations*

1921—*"Radicalism" and Reason under Attack*

1928—*Growing Concentration of Economic Power*

1930—*Deepening Depression*

1936—*The Rise of Fascism*

1939—*World War*

1945—*Atomic Explosion*

1946—*Economic Paralysis in Europe*

1947—*Communist Expansion*

1950—*Aggression in Korea*

1953—*McCarthyism*

1956—*?*

Coming events *do* cast their shadows before, but only to the eye accustomed to seeing that which is not immediately apparent. Since the first copy of the *New Republic* appeared in 1914, this Journal has sought to illuminate important trends, to call attention to all challenges to democratic progress.

Often the publicized event follows long after a less-publicized trend in thinking. The assessment of *intellectual trends* is a permanent concern of this magazine.

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